

SATURDAY REVIEW

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,108 Vol. 119.

22 May 1915.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	517	MIDDLE ARTICLES:		CORRESPONDENCE—(continued).	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Louis Botha, Hero	527	No Longer a Lonely Furrow	531
The New Government	520	Opera and Tower Music. By John F. Runciman	528	The Drink Question	531
First Lord and First Sea Lord	521	The Art of Praising	529	REVIEWS:	
The Decision of Italy	522	CORRESPONDENCE:		Style	532
Mobilising Our Industries	523	The German Submarines: A Proposal (Rear-Admiral H. C. A. Baynes)	530	The Charitable Satirist	532
The Grave Question of Food	524	Bogus Voluntarism	530	A Beauty of the Second Empire	533
The Great War: Appreciation (No. 42). By Vicille Moustache	525			The Fellowship of Silence	534
				King Against Kaiser	535
				Village Tales	536

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Though we have naturally followed with interest every stage of the breach between Italy and Austria, we thought it wise to abstain from any comment till the Italian Government spoke publicly and officially of its plans. The late crisis between Signor Giolitti and Signor Salandra was clearly a matter for the Italian Parliament and Press until the enthusiastic vote of Thursday put the feeling and policy of Italy beyond doubt. Italy's policy remained her own affair until she had publicly made it also the affair of her friends. The Allied nations have watched Italy with warm sympathy for her national aspirations. We were naturally glad of the generous desire of the Italian people to withdraw honourably from an old engagement which bound them so incongruously with Governments so different in aim and temper. But it would clearly have been impertinent to press interested advice or warning upon a Government which was faced with a national problem of its own.

Now, however, we are free to welcome Italy's decision to break with the Powers which have so clearly disregarded her interests and have acted towards her without even the common courtesy of an Ally. We observe in Italy a nation which surely had, sooner or later, to be identified with Europe's struggle for freedom and honour. We touch elsewhere on the value and meaning for ourselves of the intervention of Italy—a fertile topic for many days to come. We would here dwell at once upon the moral significance of the step Italy means to take. It proclaims to the whole world how just is the cause to which even the aggressors' former Ally has been unable to refuse her support. There are, of course, strictly national reasons for Italy's decision. Signor Salandra frankly admitted them to the Chamber. But the fundamental truth is that Italy has seized her opportunity to break up an alliance which was never representative of her national temper—an alliance which lately had become deeply repugnant to her people.

Although the heavy defeat of the brave Russian armies in Galicia is by far the more important con-

firmed news of the week, we may deal first with the exciting political event at home. The thing has come more swiftly than expected, though when we said last week that the Government needed fresh blood and vigour for a more efficient management of the war, we only stated what most informed people recognised and knew as certain. A large change was indeed inevitable, and it is strange that some trained politicians should to the last moment have clung to the vague notion that, somehow, the Government would be able to struggle through the war with its outworn party formation; and that they should have shrunk from the idea of carrying on the war henceforth by means of a Ministry formed for that purpose alone instead of by means of a Ministry formed strictly for peace purposes, such as the insurance of maidservants, the valuation of the land, and the plural vote.

On Wednesday morning, however, it was known past doubt that the difference between Mr. Churchill and Lord Fisher at the Admiralty had become acute; that one or the other must go; and that this opportunity would be taken to reform the whole Ministry on a new basis. Thereupon an uproar of excitement rose in Fleet Street and Pall Mall, and rumour made and remade the Cabinet in, literally, hundreds of different forms. The professional rumourists were turned on at short notice to play with the names of almost every prominent man in politics to-day, and Cabinet permutations and combinations were the order of the day. There was—and is—nothing in any of these accounts but guesswork. There is no authority in any Cabinet-making article that has appeared: one and all they are invention, and not particularly good invention. At the moment of going to press this only can be stated on authority absolute: that Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey remain in their present offices. The rest of the information has been largely fabricated.

An odd feature of this political event has been the want of inspiration, the want even of ordinary information, in the Radical Press in London. Until Wednesday morning—when the fat was perceptibly fizzling in the fire—or, at any rate, till late on Tuesday night,

the Radical papers in London seemed to have no notion as to what was going on. Before that date they appeared to attribute the whole of the impending changes to "factious" writers. They saw, with their inflamed vision, nothing, dreamt of nothing, and condemned nothing but a terrible Conspiracy, which they located in various quarters where these writers hold forth—a conspiracy, to adopt the fashionable phraseology, more deadly than Germany itself, more deadly, perhaps, than "Conscription" itself; and, forgetting the Kaiser, they brought all their pom poms and miniature rifles to bear on the "factious" Tory Press. It was not, as we have said, till Tuesday night that they discovered that their own leaders were in the Conspiracy. Where can their intelligence departments have been?

But one has observed just the same want of information—to say nothing of inspiration—in the London Radical Press of late in various other matters. Take, for example, the appearance of Lord Haldane last week in the House of Lords and his remarkable statement as to "Conscription". This statement came upon them as a bolt from the blue. They had, it seems, no inkling that anything of the kind was about to be uttered. It stunned their morning editions into complete silence; they uttered no word of comment, but merely chronicled the fact with a kind of dull despair. They had evidently not the remotest idea that Lord Haldane was going to "insult" them in the House of Lords with a suggestion of "Conscription". One begins to suppose that their lobbyists have all gone to the war.

The position in Russia is serious indeed. It is true that, now we are able exactly to measure the late reverse in Galicia, the enemy is seen to have claimed more than his due. But the late reverse in Galicia is not the end of the new Austro-German offensive. The heavy blows which have followed it and are even now being delivered on the San may have even more serious results. The giving and taking of territory matters less than the peril to the Russian line from the huge masses of German troops hammering at its centre. The Carpathian Passes have been turned by the enemy, and his troops are pouring through to reinforce the main and decisive attack. We are warned that the news from Poland may well be worse before it begins to be better. The Russians may have to retire further yet before they are able to bring their main armies into direct touch with a weakened enemy fighting far from his base.

The full official account was published on Tuesday from Petrograd of the character and extent of the late reverse in Galicia—the reverse which served as a prelude to the events now in progress. It is admitted that the massing of strong reinforcements in Galicia from Prussia made it instantly necessary for the Russians to abandon their advance into Hungary. Even so it was only possible to prevent their line being broken and their flanks exposed by desperate and continuous fighting. The line, however, was for the moment kept intact, and the Austro-German armies were compelled to deliver their blows at the Russian front. Also we now know that, as a salvage from the general wreck of the Russian offensive, a side thrust was directed at the Austrians in Eastern Galicia, which resulted in the capture of 20,000 prisoners.

But the total result of the late operations was a set-back for our Ally from which it will require many weeks for them to recover. Even now it is having very serious consequences upon the San—how serious it is yet impossible to judge. Meantime we must admire, not only the stubborn way in which our Ally has fought a desperate battle of the kind most difficult to sustain (as our own soldiers at Mons will readily witness), but also the wise reserve under provocation of the Russian Staff. The Russian Staff has refused

to be drawn into prematurely publishing its reports by the exaggerations of the German press. It is now clear that the first reverses in Galicia were saved from disaster by the splendid fighting qualities of the Russian soldier. The glorious Third Army has won splendid laurels in this last counter-swing of the German armies in the East.

What we have to realise from these events is that so long as Germany has the men to put in the field so long will her frontier railways and splendid equipment enable her to deal heavy blows at any advance of our Ally towards German or Hungarian soil. This last severe blow has taken the Austro-German armies back to Przemyśl. Moreover, another blow is being struck whose full effects are not yet measured. If it is true that the Germans are established across the San, they will be richly rewarded for the terrible sacrifice of life their frontal assaults have exacted. Their position here would mean an open breach in the Russian line and the strategic annihilation of a Russian Army.

The operations in France have this week been brought to a pause by heavy rains. The last despatches deal with the combined advance of the French and British in the Ypres region—more especially with a night attack of the British Forces admirably planned and silently executed. The night attack is subject to so many possible mischances that it has clearly to be regarded as an alternative to shell fire. Bayonet and silent steel have in this case successfully achieved what normally would fall to high explosive and daylight assault.

One is grateful to Eye-witness for including now and then in his reports a few precious anecdotes of individual heroism. Not long ago Mr. Balfour asked us to think of the many thousands of such stories lost and unrecorded in this war. There has never been a war in modern times where the individual officer or N.C.O. of all ranks has had to rely so much upon his private judgment and audacity. The higher command loses touch with its men after the encounter is opened, as General Joffre years ago prophesied it would in the modern war of trenches and extended fronts. It is left to the subalterns and N.C.O.'s—even to the privates—to act responsibly and to take the initiative. Thence come those "innumerable acts of heroism" of which Eye-witness can occasionally select no more than one or two.

As "typical of many such deeds" Eye-witness records this heroic story of a private soldier: "During an attack preceded by a cloud of gas which threatened to paralyse the defence, a private of a machine-gun detachment kept it in action on the parapet of the trench, inflicting severe loss on the enemy, until he finally collapsed, choking and blinded by the fumes. This act of self-sacrifice cost him his life, for the poison had so penetrated his lungs that he died the following day." We note that even now, when the story is told, the name of the hero has to be held back. Truly this is the anonymous war!

The despatches from the Dardanelles begin to show on what a big scale this "diversion" is being fought; what skill and precision are necessary to combine effectively the work of Fleet and Army; how prolonged must be the effort to overcome a very serious opposition in a country of immense difficulty. Successive lines of fortifications are held by a tenacious enemy, each of which has been carefully prepared by skilled engineers. These have to be taken in offensive and costly warfare before the Fleet can safely advance, *pari passu*, along the Narrows. Hill by hill, valley by valley, trench by trench, Gallipoli will be contested. Meantime the Allied armies have to be maintained and fed from the water. The description of this desolate and barren coast, thronged with ships and men, beaches

alive with perpetual light and bustle, strongly strikes the imagination. The co-operation between the services seems to be wonderfully accurate and well divided. Up to the moment when supplies or men are beached under the cliff the Navy has complete control. Once ashore the Army organisation takes control, and feeds the men along the difficult lines of communication.

We are expressly warned in despatches from the Dardanelles against believing what was falsely believed of Germany in the early days of the war—namely, that the Turks are fighting the war with half a heart. However superficial was the intrigue which precipitated the Turks into the war, it is quite certain that the invasion of their country and the approach of enemies towards their sacred capital commit them to a stubborn and heart-whole defence. The Turks in Gallipoli are well led; they are born soldiers as a race; and they are fighting in a corner for the integrity of their country. The Allied armies have to fight their way through the Narrows. There will be no faltering or treachery among the enemy. It is equally an affair of men and munitions as is the war in Flanders and Poland.

Lord Kitchener reported on the progress of the war to the House of Lords on Tuesday. His review surveyed the British operations up to the skilful night attack of 15 May. It was severely brief and restrained. The Russian reverse in Galicia was coolly measured. Lord Kitchener clearly regards this reverse as one who knows how strong is the enemy and has never had any illusions as to a short and an easy war. Of the fighting in Gallipoli, South Africa, and Mesopotamia he spoke as briefly as possible. His warm praise of the landing operations in the Dardanelles—"a masterpiece of organisation, ingenuity, and courage"—was the more notable owing to the admirably quiet tone of the whole survey. Lord Kitchener ended with an appeal for another 300,000 men for the new armies. We fear the response to this quite moderate appeal has so far not been encouraging, though great energy is being shown in some quarters. Lord Derby, for example, is carrying out yet another great recruiting campaign in the North in the coming week. His work in this field has already been wonderful.

The speeches at the patriotic and Imperial meeting at the Guildhall on Wednesday were level in tone and quality with the impressive demonstration they were celebrating. Mr. Asquith spoke with fine dignity of the splendid services of the devoted men who have offered their lives for country and an ideal. More particularly he dwelt on the services of those who came from beyond all reach and hearing of the war to train and fight with the armies of the Empire. Mr. Bonar Law struck exactly the right complementary note in a speech pithy with excellent sense. It is not what we say at home but what our soldiers and sailors do in the field that matters. That was exactly the right truth to declare in a week of ponderable, but really not critically significant, lobby excitement at Westminster.

The changes in the Cabinet have naturally postponed *sine die* the debate that was to have taken place concerning the deficiency of munitions. Criticism or discussion of this most important matter is clearly not called for at a time when a new leaf in the management of the war is being turned. It is the purpose of the new measures to clear the mind of the nation and to use its resources at full strength. It is idle to discuss the old order while the new order is being formed. We deal elsewhere with the immediate practical questions involved in the mobilisation of our industries.

Meantime there is some reason to hope that one of the chief causes of bad time in the workshops will be removed. The new measures will bring home to the people, as nothing else has done, the gravity of the

strain which the nation is called to endure. Events at home and abroad in the last few weeks are beginning to make the workers of the country realise that the war is not yet won, and that it cannot be won at all without sacrifice. The great enemy Indifference—an enemy stronger than the enemy Drink—will surely be routed from the country when the country is made to organise itself. The Government is at last preparing to act on the assumption that every man is required to do his share in the war. This must have an immense influence on public feeling everywhere. The King's visit to the Clyde this week is well dated. It should mark the rise of a new spirit and new ideas in his people.

General Botha has turned in his hour of victory to rebuke with dignity and emphasis the rioters of Johannesburg. He tells them in the fearless way we have learned to expect of this fine statesman that destroying the houses and property of the peaceable alien and harrying him into bankruptcy is not an effective way of proving one's patriotism. General Botha is probably unaware as yet how very near home his words come to us in London. These outbreaks are natural, it is true. In the state of public feeling a fortnight ago in London, and in view of the Government's hesitant approach of the difficult problem of the alien enemy, the London disturbances were less serious than might have been expected. At Johannesburg they went rather further. In South Africa "wild justice" is thoroughly understood. It was wreaked in Johannesburg systematically and upon a vast scale—some of the damage actually falling upon men with sons serving in General Botha's army. General Botha describes these riots as "unworthy of a strong people" and "most discouraging" to officers and men in the field. This reproof seems to show that General Botha feels strong and has the new nation of South Africa behind him. Certainly he has won the right to speak out the whole truth to his people.

It is obviously right that the Germans should be met in the field with their own weapons. The decision of the British war staff to answer in kind the German attack by lethal gas is wholly right. The Germans were rightly censured for meanly using weapons which modern combatants had agreed to discard. Now that they have been introduced, there is no point at all in not replying. We should merely be putting our brave troops at a scientific disadvantage with the enemy by refusing to accept his challenge.

On Wednesday, in a mixed debate in the House of Commons, the question of national or compulsory service was discussed, though not very authoritatively. The most interesting point in an ambiguous kind of debate was the declaration of an ex-member of the Government that "to-day there is a vast majority on both sides of the House in favour of compulsory service"—a statement greeted with cheers from both sides.

We cannot profess to understand what is happening in Lisbon. The "revolution" there clearly has nothing to do with the war, and will therefore not greatly interest the Governments of Europe, except in so far as it puts their own subjects' lives and interests in peril. It is an affair between "democrats" and "republicans"—nothing more significant, though rather more deadly, than the usual Iberian affair between the "ins" and "outs".

Horse-racing is to cease. It is a pity that the racing itself, a noble sport and test, apart from its loafing and gambling environment, could not have been spared; for its value from a horse-breeding point of view is real. But the tipsters, loafers, bookmakers, and backers—backers who in the long run nearly always lose their own or another man's money—can well be dispensed with at a time like this.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE NEW GOVERNMENT.

THE Prime Minister has certainly reached a very natural decision to reform his Government so as to make it representative of the nation. Party politics, as we have known them for many years past, do not really exist in this country to-day. They are moribund and cannot possibly be recalled to life until we have got the upper hand of Germany. "In elemental mortal needs we are all one", said a great and wise English writer in describing how two members of a family bitterly divided suddenly find themselves threatened by the same terrible peril in their path and join hands against the common foe. That is the position of Liberal and Conservative, Government and Opposition, to-day. They are in elemental mortal need—the need, namely, to wipe out Germany as a striking power in Europe in order simply that they may not both be wiped out by her. Hence all thought of joining battle against one another, of scoring points against one another over this or that party issue, has to be set aside. It is wholly absurd and out of the question, and must be so for a long while to come.

This being accepted—and to-day all sound opinion does recognise and accept it—a pure Party Government in a state of things which bears no relation to and has no concern whatever with Party becomes an anachronism. It is unserviceable to the nation and of no particular value to its own side even. There is no possible excuse in reason for keeping it on its old footing. Had the war been a comparatively small war, such as that in South Africa fifteen years ago; or had there been a fair prospect of ending it shortly, as sanguine but not very thoughtful people have predicted it would be ended; then the Government would have been entitled to see their task through, if possible, without any drastic change. But hope of this has been now put aside, and, speaking in the House of Lords early in the week, Lord Kitchener was forced once again to warn the country that it had a great and long task before it. Hence no good at all could have been served by continuing a Government formed on absolute Party lines. On the contrary, a great deal of harm might have been done to the country. In the first place an election is due within a matter of months. If the election were fought, or even nominally fought, angry and dangerous controversies would certainly be let loose here and there, however good the intentions of the leaders and the great bulk of people on both sides; whilst if it were deferred by special Act, it is certain that success or unsuccess in the management of the war would be used as electioneering material later on. The result would inevitably be a khaki election of a detestable character and on an unprecedented scale after the war. These evils are avoided by bringing some Unionist leaders into the Government: it will not be possible for one side to proclaim triumphantly after the event, "Our War", if the nation is satisfied, or for the other side to wash its hands of all responsibility and proclaim witheringly, "Your War", if the nation is dissatisfied.

So much for the decision which the Prime Minister has reached as it relates to the question of Party politics: it certainly removes the dangers mentioned. But far more important is the national side of the question. Mr. Bonar Law in his speech at the Guildhall on Wednesday said in effect that no change in the form of government, no coalition, can serve unless it aids the

country in its mighty task of beating down Germany—of destroying that "venomous reptile" now loose on the world. He struck this note with passionate sincerity, and we have never seen a great meeting of English people in that historic place or elsewhere respond more surely to an appeal. The step taken will fail of its main effect unless it infuses fresh life and fresh authority into the Ministry. Such an infusion has become quite necessary. The Ministry, as the country has known it since August, has shown fine quality in some respects. Lord Kitchener has been an immense source of strength; by the sheer magic of his name he has created great armies; and what we see is but the first part of his noble work. Nor can any intelligent person overlook the worth of Mr. Asquith. He is of the mould unmistakably of great Prime Ministers at a time of national strain. The country has valued his composure, his clear public spirit, and the stern, spiritual note we cannot do without in storms. Moreover the Ministry, as the country has known it during the last nine or ten months, has had the advantage of Sir Edward Grey's serene intelligence and the abounding energies of Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Churchill. To deny these qualities in the Government as we have known it would be niggardly, and would be exceedingly foolish.

But it would be foolish, and dishonest also, on the other hand, to overlook the fact that there has been in various matters of the highest moment a marked want of skill and foresight in management. The Ministry meant exceedingly well in the matter of drink, but through not agreeing with one another before they launched their schemes, by crying burning hot one day through the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and icy cold almost the next day through the Prime Minister, by assuring the working classes in one breath that drink among them was an enemy more terrible than Germany, and by reassuring them in another breath that their conduct was all that could be desired: by acting in this perplexing, contradictory manner through the highest officers in the executive, and at the same time by neglecting the very simple precaution of consulting the Irish Party on the subject which profoundly interests that Party—it is beyond cavil that the Government failed dangerously over a vital matter; so that, as a result, even now the local disease of strong drink among munition workers in certain places has not been got under.

Besides, there was the utterly conflicting evidence as to munitions of war as between different members of the Government and other high authorities—evidence which has left the public so confused that even to-day it cannot tell where the truth lies; and has no more hope of finding the actual facts in these conflicting statements than it would have of finding a needle in the dark in a rick of hay. Governments that, through one cause and another, have slipped into errors—which is putting it somewhat mildly—such as these clearly want an infusion of fresh energy and method. We shall not enter into the general side of the Government as it is to be when recast, because, as it happens, those changes, those additions and subtractions, so eloquently dwelt on by the amateur Cabinet makers, have not yet been settled. It strikes us as impertinent, at least in the primary sense of the word, to empty and fill up the various offices and hand about the portfolios before the Prime Minister, who naturally has a voice in such rearrangements, has made all his plans. But we believe that the new Government will be broad based and representative; and will bring

fresh driving force to the one work on which all our hearts and minds are set, the destruction of the evil power of Germany.

FIRST LORD AND FIRST SEA LORD.

MANY of the comments on recent events at sea and in Whitehall—which in the public interest we decline to discuss—have shown that there exists a considerable and increasing confusion in the public mind as to the respective functions of the members of the Admiralty Board; nor is this confusion perhaps surprising, since that office has been changed, like most British institutions, by time and circumstance into something very different from its original form in the seventeenth century.

In the heroic days of Lord Howard of Effingham one man was Lord High Admiral, and in his person alone was vested full responsibility for the Navy. That simple system was only possible when the British Empire was limited to the British Isles and a few uncertain settlements in Virginia and Guiana, and when the ocean road to India was maintained, not by the Royal Navy, but by the East India Company and its fleet of armed merchantmen. The growth of the Empire and, consequently, the necessity for increased sea-power, involved concurrently the need of a Board of Admiralty instead of a single man, and the existing system therefore derives fundamentally from the year 1632, when the office of Lord High Admiral was first put into commission. During the wars of the Commonwealth the Navy was administered by a Committee of Parliament with somewhat more success than usually attends politicians engaged in the conduct of military operations; but since the Revolution of 1688, with a few short intervals when a Lord High Admiral was appointed, the office has remained and still remains in commission, although "before 1832," says Anson, "Commissioners of the Admiralty were not entrusted with the entire management of naval affairs. They dealt with the appointment and promotion of officers, the movement of ships and the general control of the policy of the Navy. There were two Boards subordinate to them—the Navy Board, which dealt with pay and stores other than ordnance and victuals; and the Victualling Board, which attended to the supply of meat, biscuit and beer."

In 1832, however, these two Boards were abolished by Sir James Graham, and their duties were placed in the hands of officers, each of whom was subordinate to a Lord of the Admiralty; and since then the entire business of the Navy has been conducted under the supervision of the Admiralty Board. Under this system the Navy was administered during the whole of the Victorian period; and this system, modified by Order in Council of 10 August 1904, and by the creation of a Naval War Staff in 1912, still remains the essential basis of the present Admiralty. Yet, notwithstanding this apparent conservatism, the office was in effect subject to gradual and indeed almost imperceptible change in practical working, an influence which was scarcely noticed at the time, but which has been summed up by Anson as follows: "The Lords Commissioners are nominally upon an equality. The patent makes no distinction in their respective positions. The political chief of the Admiralty is only the Lord whose name stands first in the Commission; but, in fact, the First Lord is supreme, and for two reasons: 1. As member of the Cabinet. 2. Successive Orders in Council have made the First Lord responsible to the King and to Parliament for the business

of the Admiralty and have, in addition, made the other members of the Board responsible to the First Lord for the business assigned to them. . . . As lately as 1890 it seems to have been held that the First Lord should ask the Naval Lords for advice and must not expect to receive it unasked, and that each Lord is responsible only for the business of his department.

. . . It is, therefore, clear that, in course of time, the political department encroached upon the power, if not the functions, of the purely naval department, and this view is borne out by Professor Lowell in his great work, 'The Government of England'."

"With the evolution of the Cabinet System," says Lowell, "the power of the First Lord has increased until he has become practically a minister of marine assisted by an advisory council. The relation was sanctioned, not created, by Orders in Council of 14 January 1869, and 19 March 1872, which declared the First Lord responsible for all business of the Admiralty" [Rep. of Commissioners on Administration of Naval and Military Depts. Com. Papers, 1890, XIX., l.p. viii.], and thus "the department now possesses more the character of a council with a supreme responsible head than that of an administrative board". And further, "By Orders in Council of 19 March 1872, and 10 March 1882, and the regulations made in pursuance thereof, the work of the office is distributed among the members of the Board, each of whom is at the head of a branch of the service, and responsible for it to the First Lord. By virtue of this arrangement the First Lord retains in his own hands the general direction of political questions and the appointment of flag officers and commanders of ships. The First Naval Lord, who is also the principal advisor of his chief, has charge of strategical questions, the distribution of the fleet, discipline, and the selection of the higher officers not commanding ships. The Second Naval Lord has charge of the recruiting of officers and men, and the selection of the lower officers. The Third Naval Lord, who is the 'Controller', attends to the dockyards and to construction, repairs, and ordnance; while the Junior Naval Lord has charge of the transport and medical service and the victualling and coaling of the Fleet" [Return on the Distribution of Business between the Members of the Admiralty Board, Com. Papers, 1890, XLIV., 605]. Of the remaining Lords of the Admiralty, whose functions are of less importance, the Civil Lord has charge of works and buildings, including the purchase of land, coast-guard buildings, staff and civil establishments, charitable funds, compassionate allowances, questions affecting retirement and pay, and so on; while the Additional Civil Lord is responsible for contracts for material, armour, naval ordnance and gun mounting, and so on.

As to the functions of these lesser Sea Lords there is no dispute, although it has been suggested that there is a tendency for them to become mere figure-heads of departments and not in effect responsible members of a responsible Board. But in the controversy that has arisen regarding the separate functions of the First Lord of the Admiralty and the First Sea Lord it has hitherto been accepted as sound constitutional doctrine that the First Lord is responsible for the general direction and supervision of all business relating to the Navy; while the First Sea Lord advises the First Lord on preparation for war and on all questions of naval policy and maritime warfare. He is responsible also for the fighting and sea-going efficiency of the Fleet both as regards organisation and mobilisation; the distribution and movements of all

ships in commission and in fleet reserve; and the control of the war staff and the Hydrographic Department. Questions of importance relating to discipline are also referred to the First Sea Lord.

Such was the constitution of the Board of Admiralty down to the year 1912. For some years previously disquiet had been expressed in the Senior Service at the lack of a Naval War Staff similar to the General Staff of the Army, and this disquiet came to a head immediately after the Agadir crisis of 1911. It will be remembered that Mr. McKenna, who had maintained and increased the strength of the Navy as First Lord of the Admiralty, resigned his post at that time and its present holder thereupon assumed office. To Mr. Churchill was assigned the duty of creating the Naval Staff, which was constituted in 1912, very shortly afterwards, but it is laid down in the Memorandum of 1 January 1912, the document governing the constitution and functions of this Staff, that "the government of the Navy has by long usage been exercised by the Board of Admiralty, representing the office of Lord High Admiral in Commission. There is no need to alter this constitution, which has been respected through centuries of naval supremacy by all ranks in the fleets. The War Staff will, like all other persons in the Admiralty or the Navy, be under the general authority of the Board of Admiralty. . . . Since, however, under the distribution of Admiralty business on the Board, the First Sea Lord occupies, for certain purposes, especially the daily distribution of the Fleet, on which the safety of the country depends, the position of a Commander-in-Chief of the Navy, with the First Lord immediately over him, as the delegate of the Crown in exercising supreme executive power, it follows that the War Staff must work at all times directly under the First Sea Lord. . . . The First Sea Lord is an executive officer in active control of daily Fleet movements, who requires, like a General in the Field, to have at his disposal a Chief of the Staff, but who is not Chief of the Staff himself."

That is the most recent authoritative pronouncement as to the functions of the Admiralty and the Naval War Staff. Its intention, if not its effect, would appear to be to take nothing from the direct responsibility of the First Sea Lord, who remains responsible for the strategical disposition of the Fleet as a whole. And despite the inevitable tendency, noticed by Anson, for power to gravitate towards the political from the naval head of the Fleet in peace time, it must be accepted as the only sound doctrine that in war time the First Sea Lord exacts every iota of power that is constitutionally his. On his dispositions depends the safety of the Fleet, and on the Fleet, under Providence, depends the safety of the Realm.

THE DECISION OF ITALY.

THE Italian Parliament on Thursday conferred upon the Government full and extraordinary powers for war. It is true that Italy has not yet formally declared war upon Austria; that no regular acts of hostility have taken place; that it still remains to be seen how the actual breach will be effected. But Thursday's enthusiastic vote of the Chamber and full support of the war policy of Signor Salandra clearly records a national decision. We may now openly assume that the resources of Italy are to be thrown into the Allied scale. The approval of the Italian Parliament and people of the course taken by Signor Salandra on 4 May is conclusive and final. On that date Signor Salandra definitely instructed the Italian Ambassador in Vienna to denounce the Triple Alliance;

and the Italian Chamber has now voted a free hand to his Government to take all necessary warlike measures.

Signor Salandra, in asking for what virtually amounts to a war credit, put the case for Italian intervention on grounds which every friend of Italy cordially approves. It was always unthinkable that Italy should be identified with Powers whose tradition and policy have never accorded with Italy's past. The late alliance of Italy with Austria was in every way unnatural. Not only did it cut clean through the sensitive and legitimate aspirations of Italy in the Adriatic. It was also deeply false to the ideal and spirit of her people. Italy owes it to her past to be identified with all that Europe holds most precious. Her alliance with the brutal, materialist Powers of Central Europe gave to her policy a twist which has always appeared to be against the grain of her character.

The want of harmony in this late concert of the Triple Alliance has always been apparent. It was an open question for Europe in August last as to how Italy would interpret the strict terms of her alliance. It has always been a delicate question whether this unnatural confederacy would stand the strain in the event of the Allies of Italy taking steps of which she disapproved and embarking in projects on which she was not consulted. The ultimatum to Serbia was an act in which Italy was not consulted. It was simply intimidated to her. The war which followed was an act of wilful aggression, and by the letter it annulled the alliance to which Italy was a party. The balance of Europe was upset, and it became necessary for Italy to look at her foreign problems in a new light. Signor Salandra, in his declaration to the Chamber, puts the position of Italy, moral and political, in a few brief sentences:

"The ultimatum which the Austro-Hungarian Empire addressed, in July 1914, to Serbia annulled at one blow the effects of prolonged efforts by violating the pact which bound us to that State.

"It violated this pact by omitting to enter into a previous agreement with us, by simply advising us as to the course it was taking; and it violated it by its intention to upset, to our detriment, the delicate system of territorial possessions and spheres of influence in the Balkan Peninsula.

"Leaving details aside, it was the whole spirit of the Treaty which was violated, because, in plunging the whole world into a most terrible war directly against our interests and feelings, the equilibrium was destroyed which the Alliance was destined to maintain."

Italy's decision to denounce the Alliance and to make good Italy's rights "by force of arms" relieves the friends of Italy of any further necessity for reserve. So long as this decision was in the balance it was clearly the duty of all observers to abstain from any attempt to influence or to urge her. This was Italy's own pressing and anxious affair, to be considered from her own point of view without reference to interested advice from outside. Naturally we have followed with interest every stage of the breach between Italy and Austria, but the late crisis between Signor Giolitti and Signor Salandra was clearly a matter for the Italian people and parliament. Now that the Italian Parliament has declared itself it has happily become a matter of immediate importance to her friends. The nations which have hitherto watched with warm sympathy the national aspirations of the Italian people are now at liberty openly to applaud that the strength of Italy is to be thrown into the struggle to preserve for Europe some of that freedom and light with which Italy herself has been so often gloriously identified.

Now, too, we are free to ask, How does the intervention of Italy affect ourselves? What should be our own first thought in welcoming this accession of strength to the Allied cause?

There is an obvious danger for fighting nations in the acquisition of new friends. It is inevitable that at a moment when new energy and resources are about to be thrown into the conflict we should tend hopelessly to exaggerate their effect upon the enemy. More

especially is this tendency to be feared at home in Great Britain, where the immediate presence and pressure of the enemy is so much more difficult for the public to measure and grasp. The hope and the thought must inevitably rise that now will the war be shortened, that now will there be a less urgent call for effort and sacrifice, that now we shall see the back of the enemy broken with the straw which we ourselves were counted on to supply. We have only to think of the opening months of the war, of the talk that went freely about, all pointing at the illusion that mighty Russia would soon account for any weakness there might be, for any reverses suffered, in France or Belgium. The public has gradually learned, after ten months of bitter struggle, that there is no limited liability in this war. The burden is laid upon every nation that bears a part in it according to a very simple principle. It is the principle that every nation has to fight as though it were fighting alone for all it holds essential. Its effort has to be measured not by what its neighbour is doing, but simply by what it can at full heat and pressure do for itself. This does not, of course, imply that there is to be no sharing of the work. Each nation has its own particular task, its own special kind of strength; and it naturally looks to its colleagues for complementary qualities and resources. We merely wish to emphasise that for any partner to leave undone anything it is able to do on the plea that this particular thing can be left to its Ally is wrong in feeling and in principle. To bring down the German military machine within a period of war which will not leave the industry and finance of Europe in hopeless ruin requires the immediate call into action of *everything* which every partner to the great alliance can bring into the common enterprise. It would, for example, have been an irreparable blunder for Great Britain to have said in August last that, since the British Fleet held the sea, and since British industry and finance were put at the service of our Allies, therefore we could leave the land side of the war to France and Russia and were under no obligation to send an army into France. That would have been a shameful plea; and it was to the relief of all patriotic Englishmen that such a plea was never seriously urged.

The principle of unlimited liability has always been recognised by all the Allies; and we are not suggesting for a moment that that principle is in danger. But in mild and covert ways it is always ready to intrude—the thought that the collective resources of the Allies are becoming so great that one battalion more or less, that a million pounds more or less, that the sacrifice of one livelihood or career more or less, is not really likely to matter very much in the end. It is a thought which must sternly be put away whenever it appears. It is a thought which means reverse and ruin.

This, therefore, is our first warning in contemplation of the effect upon the war of new resources in men and money being brought into the common cause. We must not exaggerate their importance or leave anything undone which in their absence we were pledged to do.

The decision of the Italian Chamber, welcome as it is, important as it must surely prove, must not for a moment tempt us to think that the problem of defeating the German armies and driving them from Flanders and from Poland has suddenly become less difficult and less exacting. We must realise that Italy, like every other nation which enters the war, has her own particular problems to face, her own natural objects to achieve. Undoubtedly she will help to fill the hands of our enemy. Whenever and however she chooses to act, she will contribute to the pinning down and weakening of his armies. Notably she must greatly relieve the terrible pressure upon the Russian front in Poland and Galicia. But these advantages must not for one moment be allowed to remove our own anxiety and effort.

It may be suggested that the warning we have chosen to utter is at this time hardly a polite or gracious way of receiving Italy's decision. But Italy will understand. It implies no depreciation of Italy's re-

sources to insist on the necessity of relaxing no effort of our own. On the contrary, we believe that Italy's military and naval strength is greatly underestimated by many even close observers. Italy has a fine fleet. Her genius for the sea has lately impelled her into a naval career of an importance not yet realised in Great Britain. Her ships are powerful, finely equipped, and splendidly manned. On the land side the Army of Italy has steadily been put into order since August last. We do not for a moment doubt that Italy's share in the fighting by land and sea will be a brilliant and important share. We fully recognise the strength and competence of the Italian services. But Italy herself would be the first to deplore any tendency in her friends to assume that the heat of the day is overpast. The difference which the intervention of Italy will make for ourselves is that we, in common with our Allies, are to have yet another friend, to whom we are pledged to make every effort in our power to win, and if possible to win quickly, a victorious peace.

MOBILISING OUR INDUSTRIES.

WITH the coming of a National Cabinet drastic changes will be made in the relations of the Government Departments with the leaders of industry and commerce. We are in our tenth month of war, and the departmental attitude towards business men has not hitherto differed greatly from what it was in the days of peace. Complaints come from almost every business man who has had dealings with the London offices. The average official seems quite unable to discriminate between the good and the bad, the important and the useless—there is the same *non possumus* for everyone. What worries a business man almost to distraction is that total lack of co-ordination which occasionally leaves even the tenants of adjacent rooms ignorant of one another's doings. This is not altogether the fault of the Civil Service; its members are trained in routine and the interpretation of regulations. From the very nature of their work they must find it difficult to understand, or even to sympathise with, that class of business which requires the delegation of unfettered responsibility. Nor is the service provided with anything like the requisite amount of technical expert opinion. Even where such opinion is available frequently long years of absence from active business life has dulled the keen edge of the business mind. One need only instance the Timber Contract and the British Dyes affair to show how little the unaided Civil Service appreciates the real meaning of commerce. Some attempt has been made to remedy this lack of knowledge by the appointment of advisory committees, but unfortunately most of the members have little, if any, technical knowledge of the matters they are dealing with. Such committees only lead to more red tape and greater confusion. Committees are necessary, but they must be specialist and expert in the trade they are touching.

Before the business community can be efficiently mobilised the National Executive must decide accurately between its need for men and its need for munitions. We must know what men will be available for industry. The next step is for the Executive to co-ordinate all its supply demands, and tell us what materials are wanted. Then the various trades can declare what output they can make and over what period, and how much foreign import must be relied on. It is only after such information has been clearly given that business men can settle down to plan the production of goods for exchange with other countries, without which trade would come to a standstill. It is useless to pretend that there is not to-day serious commercial unsettlement, and the main reason is that no one can tell what Government requirements may be. It so happens that our chief industries are centred in a few well-defined districts and, generally speaking, are well provided with active employers' associations. Commercial employers are as patriotic as any other

class, and thousands of them have over and over again approached the Government with offers of assistance. Practically all these offers have been pigeon-holed, even though the departments concerned have frequently been starving for supplies.

There will have to be better management than this. It is useless, in present circumstances, for a supply department to deal with a multitude of small individual firms. The whole trade should be approached direct through its employers' organisation; and it would be for the latter, working through a small committee on which the Government should be represented by a practical man, to apportion the work, advise on materials, and see to the delivery of the goods. Not only is this possible with the manufacture of cloth, clothing and equipment, but it could well be extended to the purchase of food and transport supplies through the agency of local chambers of agriculture. By such direct dealing the middleman, who has made and is making heavy profits out of the nation's needs, would be countered. Through the Associated Chambers of Commerce, with their local chambers, and the various employers' federations, the supply departments can at once get into touch with the producer.

The subject of munitions is delicate, and therefore needs careful treatment, especially by the Press. But since the story of the Leeds Munitions Committee has been freely given in the Press we cannot be wrong in drawing attention to the lesson taught by its foundation. Here is a practical scheme, devised by business men. The work is being done by a small body of directors, working from patriotic motives only, and they are to be unhampered by any "representative body" or ornamental "committee of every interest". Why should we not extend the principle to every other kind of material required by the Government for the war? For such a purpose hundreds of the best commercial men in the country would gladly enlist the day the call was made.

There is another point. If the Government decide, as they must, to mobilise the productive, as well as the fighting forces of the nation, the workers in commerce as well as the fighters at the Front must be put under discipline. The great bulk of the workers are willing and ready to welcome such a change; it would free them from trouble with the slackers, and—what is so much needed to-day—would awaken the whole nation to a situation which has now become exceedingly serious.

THE GRAVE QUESTION OF FOOD.

THE haunting doubt which, before the change in the composition of the Government was announced, troubled many people who wished to trust completely in the Ministry, was this: "Can statesmen, who have been proved so wrong and mistaken in what they believed and predicted about Germany and about war, henceforward be wholly trusted to exercise foresight and prepare and do the right thing well in advance?" This doubt suggested itself in regard to food which was discussed in the Commons this week on Mr. Protheroe's initiative. Take, for example, the price of bread, the main staff of life for millions in city and country: what Liberal or Radical statesman has there been during the last five-and-twenty years who is not now in the way of being proved wrong in what he has argued on the growing of corn in this country? We cannot recall the name in those parties of a single member, great or small, who has been right in this grave matter, or who has foreseen the position in which the country is placed to-day; and it must be admitted not only the Liberals and Radicals, but equally the more pronounced Cobdenites on the Conservative side have been wrong, as is now only too clear. One and all, they have insisted that, in case of war with a Great Power, we should not be dangerously threatened by the dwindling of the home-grown wheat areas because, thanks to a predominant Navy, we should always be able to secure an abundance of cheap corn from the United States and from

Canada and various other countries. This was one of Sir William Harcourt's favourite theses, and it has long been the fond belief of Liberals and Radicals, great and small, and of the severer Cobdenites on the Conservative side. They have said in effect, when they have been reminded of the ever-dwindling wheat areas in these Islands: "Leave it to the Navy, and leave it to the United States, Argentina, Canada, and the other great wheat-growing countries throughout the world. They will see us through in case of a great war, and they will secure us abundance of cheap bread for our millions".

But what is the prospect, not in the angelic world of Cobdenite argument, but in the brutal world of fact to-day? The prospect is this: that though our Fleet is predominant, and has swept the German cruisers from the sea more completely even than we dared hope before the war, none the less we are most gravely threatened by corn prices before the close of this year at a figure which has had no equal since the days of the great wars a century ago between England and Napoleon.

The truth is it never entered into the minds of these theorists that a war might very well come which would drain off the able-bodied workers from agricultural work, not in one or two, but in many countries—France, Italy, Belgium, Russia, among others—and so diminish the crops in these that a very heavy additional strain would consequently come upon the non-belligerent wheat-producing nations; and that consequently the price of corn would rise in an alarming and threatening way. But this is exactly what is threatened to-day. Having no national granaries—such as Mr. R. B. Marston and others have often pressed for—and a very small corn-growing area to-day in this country, we must depend almost entirely on the United States, Canada, Argentina, and India, and we may be fortunate indeed if the loaf does not rise above a shilling—it is ninepence already. We have heard a good deal about the wickedness of farmers holding back their grain for higher prices. Not long ago the "Westminster Gazette" severely lectured a farmer in this country who admitted he was expecting to get a higher price presently. But is it for a moment to be imagined that farmers in the United States, in Argentina, if not in Greater Britain—for human nature is human nature even in war—will not, in a great number of instances, hold up their corn by and by against higher and still higher prices? Will they not reason with themselves and each other that various belligerent countries will need corn badly in the near future owing to the enforced neglect of agriculture, and that the price will therefore continue to mount? We fear there is little doubt that they will make—and are already making—calculations of this kind; and they will not be deterred altogether by humane considerations, let alone by Cobdenite principles.

It is true, of course, that in this country we could never grow enough corn to feed ourselves. At the best we should be compelled to import largely. But had our farmers been encouraged to grow corn against a possible crisis such as that which faces us, the country to-day would be in a much securer position. Had the farmers been granted, for example, a bounty on corn, many thousands of acres now down in permanent pasture would have been available for grain; and several months' supply of corn might have been secured to the nation against a food crisis. It may be argued perhaps by the more devoted Cobdenites that our farmers would in such a case hold up their corn against higher prices just as foreigners will do. But if a State is in danger it can take the drastic step of commandeering its food supplies—as Germany illustrates. It can, however, only commandeer its own subjects and supplies; it has no power over those of other countries, no matter how friendly they may be. Thus, with the best will in the world towards us, Argentina and the United States and other great wheat-growing countries may put up the price severely

and we shall be powerless; whereas if, thanks to political foresight, we still had a considerable area under corn at home to-day, we should be in a much more comfortable position. Our harvest may prove a good one. It was got in under favourable conditions, and the young corn looks flourishing; but unfortunately there is so little of it.

The over-worship of theoretic Free Trade, it is now perceived, has led to a threatening and dangerous reduction in this country's corn-growing area. It is not safe nor sound for any country with a large population to suffer wheat to go too much out of cultivation. It is not safe to trust everything to the blue-water school, because, no matter how powerful a country's battle fleet may be, and how numerous its merchant vessels, they cannot prevent foreign growers and exporters of corn from holding up against higher and yet higher prices. This is one of the things which unfortunately were not foreseen and in some degree guarded against; yet for years past many people who have studied the land and been uneasy about the food question in time of war have tried to ventilate it. If we get through this crisis we should take care to make a wise provision in regard to wheat and the growing of it in somewhat larger quantity at home.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (NO. 42) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE TRIUMPH OF A GOLDEN SILENCE IN WAR.

THE grave misfortunes of our Ally in the Eastern theatre offer to us a lesson even at the tenth month of an experience of a war which has been unparalleled in history. In the initial stages of every new campaign "an unexpected" feature is presented by one combatant which reaps its reward over an adversary whose mind in a period of peace has not kept pace with the advantages which a study of science and its methods offers to modern armies and their leaders. Errors in strategy, as we have reason to know, carry with them dire penalties, and in addition to the punishment entailed they of necessity prolong the duration of hostilities until the period when the strategic initiative can be regained. As pointed out in my last letter, the army of our Ally in Galicia has been outmanœuvred, and in a manner which dims the prospect of a resumption of an offensive in that particular sphere of operations for many months to come. The effort at rehabilitation may be made elsewhere, for a front of operations extending some 700 miles should present opportunities; but for the Allies in the West to rely upon such counterstrokes in the East as will remove pressure of enemy force on the front in the Western theatre would be an extravagance even in this war of surprises.

The movement which has resulted in the recapture of West Galicia by the Austro-German armies is in every way worthy of being called a splendid military achievement. We have witnessed in this Eastern theatre the repeated thrusts of von Hindenburg in South and Middle Poland, in North Poland, and in East Prussia, where with the excellent facilities afforded by strategic railways on the German frontier he has been enabled to hurl vast numbers of his Army Corps in a concentrated effort to deal with his opponent, who has been more or less surprised at points on a necessarily extended front. These hammer strokes of the German Field-Marshal have failed in their purpose, but only failed when just short of the achievement of success. They have, of course, been met by his foe in a measure, but they were gravely hampered by the difficulty of communications, for the deeper the thrusts that were made by the Germans the greater the embarrassment of supply. Communications in modern war with the huge armies that are brought into play govern strategy. Immobility leads to disaster or failure by the very inertia of the mass of men. The gauge of Russian railways denies the use of German railway material. Not so the Austrian

system; and to that we may attribute a portion of the success which has lately favoured the arms of the Dual Alliance. The recent triumph must, however, be laid at the feet of the goddess of Secrecy. It would seem incredible that after three experiences of surprise in war our Ally should be unaware of the concentration near Cracow on his flank in Galicia of a huge force said to consist of some sixteen Army Corps. The gigantic scale on which this German offensive has been undertaken can only be appreciated after a close study of the map. Four rivers and their tributaries present successive obstacles to the advance from Cracow of an army operating towards the east. The rivers Dunajec, Biala, Wislowka, and Wistok are already familiar to our ears, to say nothing of the San and the parent of them all, the Vistula. To collect adequate bridging material and pontoons for the purpose of transit of a huge force unbeknown to an enemy is a feat that of itself deserves success; but to bring up the thousands of guns, to be able to accumulate the enormous quantity of supply of food, munitions, hospital establishments, depôts for airmen, field railways, motor transit, telegraph gear, etc., for an army of some half-million strong, and launch such numbers unawares upon an enemy is worthy of all praise. When it is stated that to move one Army Corps alone by rail some 119 trains are required, the magnitude of the task is apparent. It was not upon a narrow front that this huge force deployed for its purpose of enveloping the flanks of the Grand Duke's army. The German army, ready in its extended formation to advance, was moved into position unseen by the eye of the airman, for every evolution was carried out under cover of night. What a triumph of golden silence in war!

Let us digest the lesson. With all our tentacles aspread to gain every item of hostile purpose, of the locality of his forces, of his economic and moral condition, there are still certain German military formations known to exist that are unlocated. They may be of first quality, trained for a particular purpose, destined for a desperate venture. Our enemy knows full well the value of possessing such an instrument of war in his hand to throw with reckless daring into a struggle at a spot where even angels would fear to tread. It is still a form of sword that he can hold over our heads in England, which will carry some glimmer of fear among a people who decline the burden of arms even for the protection of their own homes. The visits of small fleets of airships to our shores, the silence of greater fleets hidden behind the dunes and banks of the Frisian seas, may betoken a gambler's throw upon our shores. It would be absolute folly in this period, when the German to our surprise appears on the crest of the wave of armed strength, to ignore the possibility of the attempt and to be unprepared. Imperative silence as to the position of any one of our units at home or abroad must therefore be demanded. Much as we may sympathise with the entreaties of our brave womanhood to hear recorded the gallant deeds whereby their loved ones have sacrificed their all in life, yet for the nation's sake we must beg them to exercise patience till history tells its tale of the tragedy of our heroes. We are fighting the finest war machine that this earth has ever known. The enemy is before us in the field, and in our folly we allow him to be behind us in our homes.

Let us not carry this folly further to a danger-point by any weak-kneed failing of our own. We have before us the prospect of important military movements to wrest from our enemy the fruits of his first victory. They may be on a scale commensurate with the great surprise operation that has stricken our Ally in the Eastern theatre. Great as is the amount of invective that has been hurled upon our Censor, it would be not amiss to employ the services of a super-censor in the critical period of war that is before us. Knowledge is power in peace. Information is the basis of victory in war. Let us surrender no chances to our foe by the exercise of a golden silence.

THE WESTERN THEATRE.

Much heavy fighting has taken place in the last few weeks along the hostile fronts of the northern arm of the positions held in Flanders and France. The town of Ypres, battered beyond recognition, has been the storm centre of the most northern point, and the battle-grounds that figured in the story of the historic fight for Flanders in October-November of last year have again echoed to the roar of cannon and machine gun. As a decisive contest, however, there can be no comparison between the importance of the two struggles. By the first defeat of the German effort at this point to make good his hack through to Calais he was blocked and beaten. By the second defeat of his same purpose he has realised the gravity of the failure of his first attempt. The enemy, as we know, struck in his last effort at a weak point, the junction of three armies of different nationalities, and he struck at an opportune moment for himself—the period when a change of garrison was about to be undertaken. Hill 60, a small knuckle standing but 100 feet or so above the plain, has been a bone of contention for weeks and months, and will remain so for some longer period. In the absence of an official dispatch telling the full story of this second series of battles round Ypres, we must accept the truth of communiqués.

Our salient has simply been driven in and rounded off. But behind the line we may have no fear. Stout Belgian women peasants and older men have set to work to dig and dig and make an impregnable position. Losses have been proportionately heavy, borne alike by our sons from Canada, by our cavalry, which have again been thrown into gaps in the line, rifle and bayonet in hand, and by a Territorial division newly arrived on the scene. The position, however, is said to be assured.

The novelty of the method of the offensive made under cover of the fumes of gas projected from specially prepared machinery must not be lost sight of. It is the forewarning of what our troops must be prepared to meet in the successive lines of defence that they will have to surmount ere they push the German to his frontier and over it; but, as remarked in a previous letter, two can play that game, and it is our business to go one better. The resources of civilisation will find something in the laboratory that will eclipse the new methods of our foe. He will assuredly find punishment from better weapons than he has produced, foul as they are. He has a bad time before him. We shall follow the maxim of his own Great Frederick: "Never maltreat your enemy by halves".

We must not, however, by any means belittle the splendid fire of the offensive which the new levies in the German Army have shown in their recent attacks. The spirit of victory travels with the speed of wireless, and the defeat of our Ally in Galicia has been a means to intensify the flame of ardour which is born in the German. In this war two facts have become indisputable. The German as a soldier is simply splendid: as a nation he is an abomination.

Farther south, in an attempt at the heights around Aubers and Fromelles, our Field-Marshal has owned to non-success. It will be remembered that Aubers was a part of the objective of the movement that succeeded only as far as the capture of Neuve Chapelle on 10, 11, and 12 March last. In commenting on the dispatch in this action and drawing a few lessons from its story, I was careful to enumerate firstly the lessons which the German would have learnt by our surprise given to him on that occasion and by the success which we attained over him. He has profited by the teaching he received sufficiently to thwart our next endeavours. His wire entanglements were well concealed, as I foretold, and his trenches have been found concreted into the form of galleries and bomb-proofs of a nature of permanent fortification. We may recall the employment early in the war of concreted platforms for the huge ordnance that demolished the frontier fortresses of Liège, Namur, Maubeuge,

Mezières, etc. This concrete is no ordinary mixture known to trade, but a special device of the Krupp firm that hardens in 48 hours. It would seem, however, that the German commander in this sector of defence places special importance to his charge, and he has perhaps reason to do so, for by the capture of a British soldier on the day of attack on Neuve Chapelle there was found the special order of the commander of our 1st Army for the movement that was to promise success. This somewhat lengthy printed Special Order contained allusions to our overwhelmingly vastly superior strength in guns and men to the enemy at that particular point and to the certainty of success. The Censor has seen well to allow the public to read extracts from the order "through German eyes", which is perhaps a misfortune, even although the version may be correct. Needless to say, it is wiser to withhold from the enemy any possible chance of gauging the strength against him. If he learns by any means that formations have been massed against him at any particular point he will be justified in attaching more than ordinary importance to that point and take precautionary measures. The German has learnt much from our teaching at Neuve Chapelle. As the crops have assumed the hue that spring bestows upon them, green calico screens have been erected behind which movements can take place unnoticed by our gunners. Clouds of smoke emitted by airmen have obscured the sky and marred the efforts of air reconnaissance. Operation orders during a period of war, as well as messages, require special and careful handling. The student will not forget how Moore's Army was saved from destruction by the capture of the orders of Napoleon to Soult directing him to cut off the British Force by a surprise movement. In the pocket of a French officer who was killed by a Spaniard in a drunken brawl was found the message of the Emperor.

In the line still farther south our Field-Marshal has succeeded in a manner that cannot fail to shake the moral of his enemy to a very material extent. Night attacks are rarely resorted to except in an army where confidence between leader and men is absolutely mutual and discipline is supreme. Their success when achieved inspires a holy terror into a foe. They are the resort of a brave man when fire effort is denied him by day owing to shortage of ammunition, for it is the hour and opportunity of the deadly bayonet. In old days our leaders insured that not a single round should give away the intention of such an attack, for they removed the flints from the locks of the firearms of the men previous to assault. In the great night attack of our troops of the 1st Army on the line Richebourg l'Avoué-Festubert its efforts were crowned with success. The proof of the moral effect upon the foe of this success lies in the numerous bodies of the enemy that have surrendered voluntarily and the absence of determined counter-attacks. Our men have not lost the lessons taught them by Sir John when fate fortunately placed him in command of our First Army Corps of old days.

A success at Notre Dame de Lorette, Carency, and towards Souchez, north of Arras, by our Allies accentuates the filip given to the allied arms in the West. Our successes of the last few weeks must not, however, be looked upon as more than mere preliminaries to the great encounter that is before us. The capture of small lengths of trench line of a mile or two is but a bagatelle to what is required when the full force of the Allies is ready to strike in the direction, and at the word of the supreme commander. These little gains go to help in the gradual shattering of the confidence which now stands high in the German mind. They hamper his arrangements for lateral communication, disturb his plans for supply and reinforcement, tend to upset the machinery of war at considerable distance from the firing line. The spirit of our own men wants no stimulating. It awaits but the provision of force to strike hard and to continue striking.

The effort is dependent alone upon the efforts of our workers at home, and the sacrifice of their passions that they are prepared to make. And yet with all this loss of life in the country's cause we read of the machinery for munitions left purposely idle. Are the labour unions to be masters of the Empire?

If war is the supreme test of national virtue, then decidedly the German shows himself the superior in many ways of the Briton. Whatever bad traits there may be in German character we apparently find worse ones in the English, for no German would stand by with folded arms and watch a life-and-death struggle with a foe fighting for the very existence of the Fatherland and Empire.

The demand of our War Secretary for an additional 300,000 men is but a proof of the piecemeal half-hearted method in which we are facing the gigantic situation before us. Why in the tenth month of the struggle should a nation of forty millions discover that the reservoir from which she should feed her armies is failing, and that a fresh appeal has to be made to her manhood? These periodical pleadings for men to fight for the very existence of an Empire tell but one tale. We are seemingly content again to try and "muddle through" in this life-and-death contest, and have, in this last effort to raise men, actually been obliged to lower the standard and extend the age limit. As long as the British people prefer to fight for the free exercise of rights in preference to a fight for the enforcement of duties, so long will the reservoir which our leaders in the field count upon for success to our arms give these leaders cause for anxiety. They have earned and deserve better treatment. There is no Party in Great Britain that is in favour of peace until Germany is finally beaten. There is nothing gained by underestimating the difficulties that confront us. A prolonged period of defensive warfare has given the enemy an opportunity of which he has taken every advantage. Nobody who has cared to read of the formidable obstacles that the Allied troops have already encountered, the labyrinth of cemented redoubts and trenches, the cupolas of iron for artillery and machine guns, the devilish contrivances of pits and stakes, crows' feet, gas jets, etc., can doubt for one moment that we are in for a species of street-fighting campaign, the most costly of war experiences. We must make up our minds that one million of British soldiers must stand upon German soil ere peace is exacted. Let that be our settled fixed objective, cost what it may in blood or in treasure. We shall do it if we put our hearts into it; and in carrying out our purpose with a full soul we shall discover that the only real balance in the only real Bank of England is to be found in the rank and file of the British Army and its officers.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

LOUIS BOTHA, HERO.

BY A SOLDIER.

GREAT events near home and the fuss and flurry of Cabinet-making have drawn our attention from those operations in German South-West Africa which have been marked by such magnificent success. We have not even seemed to realise that these operations have been carried out entirely on enemy soil, that no Imperial troops have been engaged, and that this German colony has been conquered for the Empire solely by the Union Defence Force of South Africa, composed chiefly of the very men—under the very same Commander—who fought so stubbornly against us only fifteen years ago.

We have hardly realised, moreover, that General Botha's campaign has accomplished on a minor scale in South-West Africa all that, in our most sanguine moments, we can hope to bring to fulfilment on a vast scale in the Western theatre of war. Combined operations by land and sea have captured Windhoek, the enemy's capital, with, as General Botha says, "practically the complete possession of the Colony"

of German South-West Africa. Early in the war British warships covered the landing of Union Forces both at Swakopmund (Walfish Bay) and at Lüderitz Bay; but owing to the unfortunate outbreak of rebellion in South Africa—crushed quickly though it was by bold and resolute action on the part of the Government—further operations were delayed, and it was not until three months ago that a serious offensive was begun.

We knew little up to last week of the details of these operations beyond the fact that Keetmanshoop had been occupied on 20 April, and that the advance from the south, a most difficult undertaking at any time, over tracts of arid and desert country, full of natural obstacles, had been made far more difficult and dangerous by the savage and treacherous conduct of the Germans in poisoning the wells—for which conduct, one rejoices to hear, General Botha has proclaimed himself free to "exact reprisals". Now we know that the main Force, under General Botha himself, disembarked three months ago at Swakopmund, has by a victorious advance, based upon the sea, secured the main objective of the operations, the capital, Windhoek, itself. The German forces have retired, it is said, north to Grootfontein: but this seems doubtful, in view of the known hostility of the natives in this area, unless it be the intention of the German commander to march his force over the border into Portuguese territory to avoid capture. On the other hand, to have retired south would apparently have been courting disaster, since the Southern Union forces have lately joined hands and must be now, under General Smuts, closing in upon Windhoek from the south. But, wherever the German forces may be, we may safely leave General Botha to deal with them, and that quickly. This great colony has passed into our hands; so that our first important conquest in this war, by force of arms against an enemy in being, is due to the unaided efforts of the South African colonists themselves (who, by the way, of their own accord, asked for a compulsory service), directed by able leaders like General Smuts and General Sir Duncan Mackenzie; but, above all, is it due to the genius of a master in war as in peace—Louis Botha.

History will apportion the niches in the Temple of Fame to be occupied by the many great men that this great war will have produced; but one doubts whether any man will fill a greater or more honourable place than that of General Botha. Fifteen years ago he fought, as a patriot, against us in defence of his country; and, by sheer merit and strength of character, he forced his way to the front and ultimately succeeded to the supreme command of the Boer forces. He had much to do with the final declaration of peace at Vereeniging, and, stubbornly and splendidly as he had fought against us, so did he, when peace came, fully, generously, and loyally, embrace the new faith and swear allegiance to our King: for that way, his political genius told him, lay safety, prosperity, freedom and honour for his own country.

Well may Botha be called the Saviour of South Africa; for without him it is doubtful whether the Union of South Africa, so essential for its strength, would have come into being in our days; and, even if it had so come, whether the treacherous attempt of false leaders and misguided men to sell their country's honour and welfare would not have had far-reaching and terrible effect upon South Africa. His courage, clear vision, and honesty united his country and saved it, in the first instance, from the danger of an endless era of political dissension: his vigour and noble resolution averted the later calamity and quickly stamped out the rebellion which might have eaten into the very vitals of the Union and brought that great fabric, built up with so much care and skill, to utter ruin. This great work done, a lesser man might well have been content to rest. But Louis Botha is made of sterner stuff. There was still great work to be done; and then, for the first time in history, we had the wonderful spectacle of the Premier, the political head of the State, girding on his sword

and taking the field as Commander-in-Chief of its armies. There is no parallel case under a Constitutional Government. The Duke of Wellington, indeed, reversed the procedure, and so did Washington and Cromwell, when, on giving up chief command in the field, they took high office at home. But Botha had already equalled this record, and has now created a new one. With the career of Oliver Cromwell that of Louis Botha has much in common. They were not, either of them, professional soldiers. They were both called to arms in a subordinate capacity by national emergency. They both won their way to chief command by force of military genius. When peace came they both showed political ability of the highest order, and they both arrived at such summit of power as the times in which they lived rendered possible. But there the parallel ends. Botha is a Cromwell "guiltless of his country's blood". He has Cromwell's virtues, but he has a finer sense of honour and of duty and a nobler love of country, and he has, moreover, that indefinable quality which Cromwell lacked, but which has been so often the attribute of kings. With all his faults, Cromwell's enemy and victim, Charles Stuart, had it in a great degree, and showed it on the scaffold:

"He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene".

In the more complex civilisations of Europe, amid the controversies and intrigues of modern politics, it is hard for any man to preserve that simple nobility of character, that single-minded patriotism, which have marked men in more primitive times and environment. It was Botha's good fortune that he was first called from private life, like Cincinnatus from the plough, to fight as a soldier in defence of his country. It was our good fortune that when peace came we found such a loyal friend in our erstwhile foe, and in the great soldier so wise a statesman.

Compared with the field afforded to other men by this great war, the sphere of General Botha's activities seems now unfortunately limited; and it would be indeed a pity, even a misfortune, if a way could not be found to use them, later on, in a wider field. It is said that his dearest wish is to send a South African Division to the Front to fight side by side with their British, Canadian, and Australian brethren for the great cause of freedom and justice; and, should his wish come true, he may not be content himself to remain behind. But it is for none of us to suggest to such a man as Louis Botha wherein his duty lies. Whatever he considers his duty he will do, and no man can be a better judge than he of what concerns his honour or his duty. Whatever happens in the future, Botha is, and will remain, one of the great, heroic figures of this war.

OPERA AND TOWER MUSIC.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

BY very far the most important musical enterprise of recent days has been, not the festival of British music, nor, indeed, any of the doings in concert-hall, but Mr. Courtneidge's season of opera at the Shaftesbury Theatre, a season which I am sorry to say terminated on Saturday night. Whether it has been successful enough financially to encourage Mr. Courtneidge to venture on a repetition later in the year is more than I can say just now; but at least I hope so, for artistically the season was a great success. It provided just what musical London needs most at present, an equivalent of the Paris Opéra Comique, where not ruinously expensive representations of the lighter operas could be heard at moderate prices. Opera run on lines such as those chosen by Mr. Hammerstein has no earthly chance of succeeding here. "Grand" opera means grand prices for the seats and grand, in the sense of large, audiences; and it is safe to say that the comparatively small number of people who can afford thirty shillings for a stall or

ten guineas for a box have, until this year, been catered for by Covent Garden. Covent Garden has spoiled us for everyday opera. The gorgeous scenery and dresses, the star singers, the huge orchestra—these things cost money, and we have come to think of them as of vital importance. In reading the criticisms of the Carl Rosa Company's exploits, of Mr. Charles Manners's doings, and last of Mr. Courtneidge's venture, it has been plain to me that the writers thought little of the excellence of the performances in comparison with the absence of expensive accessories and ornaments. Until we critics and the general public change that attitude no operatic experiment can hope to succeed. Mr. Courtneidge took, at any rate, one step in the right direction. He mounted four operas, "Tales of Hoffmann", "Veronique", "Madame Butterfly", and "Rigoletto", and mounted them always adequately and often beautifully; his singers were thoroughly competent, the chorus especially; the orchestra throughout was excellent; and I declare that nothing more was needed. True, the works given were not very ambitious, but each is in its way good enough—indeed, "Veronique" contains a deal of singularly charming music by my ancient enemy Messager, and "Rigoletto" is a powerful, though rather strident and noisy opera. If the paying public has supported Mr. Courtneidge there is no reason why he should not give us "heavier" stuff—even "Tristan" or "Siegfried". But he cannot do so if we demand the equals of Jean de Reszke and Ternina and won't be content unless thousands of pounds are expended on the "Siegfried" scenery. That is what ruins opera in London. We must learn to think more of the artistic aspect of the performances and a great deal less of what are after all only the ornamental trappings. I have heard that Mr. Courtneidge speaks of the necessity of impresarios commissioning works by Englishmen; but I fancy the time will not come for that until the enterprise is firmly established as a going concern with tried things. Meanwhile I am glad to have an opportunity of acknowledging his very plucky attempt, the most important thing, as I have said, that has been done for a long time in England.

As for the much talked of British festival, there is not much to add to what I have already written on the subject. The title was enough to frighten the public away, and those who went will certainly not be in a hurry to support our native composers again. The programmes were appallingly long—the first concert did not finish until after eleven—and they were not skilfully contrived. All our young men write more or less in the same style; with the exception of Holbrooke and Delius a composition by any one of them might pass for the work of any other. The monotony became intolerable; each performance was an ordeal to be endured, not an artistic pleasure to be enjoyed. In spite of his obvious enthusiasm Mr. Beecham is too galvanic, spasmodic, violent, to get fine results from his men; and I confess that I find Mlynarski a dull, slow conductor. The whole concern seems to me to have been a mistake; it can have done only harm to the very cause it was intended to further. Not concerts of British music, but the constant playing of British music at other concerts is the thing that may teach a slow public that our music is as good as any other. To give three tiresome concerts and say: "This is British music; what do you think of it?" is to invite the answer: "Not much".

Passing over several functions, interesting enough, but not sufficiently striking, either in the works given or the way they were played, to warrant special notice, let me get out of the heat, bustle, and anxiety of to-day and breathe the cooler, serener air of a day that is gone and may, alas! never return: can hardly, in fact, return in our time. I have been reading with immense delight a book, "The Carillons of Belgium and Holland" (John Lane), by Mr. W. Gorham Rice, an article by the same author in the current "Musical

Quarter April is W. W. are dest scarcely taken it lin still enthusia this "Years a not the rang ou when I on until not to for the carillon but who Until th the inde the gra associat call peo as some they are ing. To thencefo that. working could b concerts the grea ing inter heaven; from po praise o of all th the peo and the also poi of Germ The bel they pro were pl building seen it of it and it to be probabl the "M from K not less is an ou disgrac necessa fine illu publicat good b "Fland spires" speak s score o have fo is the g no inst country when M if only riences desolate

PRA li nothing shall y aged o mend youth,

Quarterly" (Schirmer), and another article in the April issue of the "Musical Times" (Novello) by Mr. W. W. Starmer. Most of the glorious Belgian towers are destroyed by the apostles of kultur, and the Dutch scarcely equal them; but unless the Germans have taken it to pieces to make guns, the carillon at Mechlin still remains. Mr. Rice writes with immense enthusiasm, as well he may, for no one has heard this "tower music" without yielding to its magic. Years ago I went to a town named Malines and had not the faintest idea of where I was until the chimes rang out, telling me distinctly I was in Mechlin; and when I had done all the sights I wanted to do I stayed on until it was too late to return to Brussels in order not to miss the carillon concert that was announced for the evening. Whether Mr. Josef Denyn was the carillon master then I cannot say (the year was 1900), but whoever played was certainly a very great master. Until then I had no notion of the beauty of this music, the indescribable ethereal loveliness of the upper tones, the grandeur of the lower. Bells had always been associated in my mind with the jangling noises which call people to church in this country, those noises that, as someone said, sound better and better the further they are off, and best of all when they are out of hearing. To hear a carillon recital in Belgium is to become thenceforth and for ever an enthusiast. Mr. Rice is that. His explanations of the machinery and working of the gigantic instruments are as clear as could be wished; his description of one of Denyn's concerts is vivid, picturesque, and calls up a vision of the great market-place filled with a silent crowd listening intently to the music that seemed to float down from heaven; and he gives a large number of quotations from poets and prose-writers who have hymned the praise of this music. He points out that the existence of all these towers is a testimony to the civilisation of the people who built them and paid for their upkeep and the players' salaries out of the national funds. He also points out that their wanton destruction is a sign of German barbarism. He might have gone further. The bell-towers are beautiful architectural works, and they produce most beautiful music. While the Germans were planning their destruction, other Germans were building a new organ at Breslau. I have not, of course, seen it nor heard it; but I have looked at photographs of it and read the builders' specification, and I declare it to be the most hideous thing in the world, and in all probability the most abominable sounding. As a writer in the "Musical Times" says of it, it looks as if it came from Krupp's; the erection of such a horror, in fact, not less than the destruction of Belgium's bell-towers, is an outward and visible sign of the deep German inner disgrace. But to return to Mr. Rice, his work is necessarily expensive for its size, but it contains some fine illustrations. The article in Messrs. Schirmer's publication is equally good—the quotations from good books alone are worth the money. Dowden's "Flanders . . . where the carillons ripple from old spires", Stevenson's "we . . . never heard bells speak so intelligently or sing so melodiously", and a score of other passages tell how enthralling all men have found the tower-music. I am told that Mr. Denyn is the greatest performer ever known, but he has now no instrument to play on, and is a refugee in this country. Mr. Rice has rekindled my old ardour, and when Mr. Denyn goes back I will promptly follow him, if only to go once again through some glorious experiences that thrilled me before his country was laid desolate.

THE ART OF PRAISING.

PRAISE, to be acceptable, need not be true. We like to be praised even though we know there is nothing in it. South has truly written: "Hardly shall you meet with any person, man or woman, so aged or ill-favoured, but, if you will venture to commend them for their comeliness—nay, and for their youth, too, though 'time out of mind' is wrote upon

every line of their face—yet they shall take it very well at your hands, and begin to think with themselves that certainly they have some perfections which the generality of the world are not so happy as to be aware of". Why should we be so fond of a compliment? Does not the very word imply something not to be believed? Yet we like to be flattered, though we know the flattery to be false. It is not necessarily because a man's vanity swallows a compliment that he likes it. It is as though we had a moral as well as a physical appetite for sugar, which has to be indulged. Compliments will always continue, though the flourish and the manner of them change. Our language is no longer surfeited with flattering expressions. Dedications are not what they were under Elizabeth or Charles, but people still cannot live without compliments, though the dialect has changed.

Our love of praise must have something to do with a certain bewitching fascination of words, quite apart from their sober meaning. One may know oneself utterly without those qualities and perfections ascribed to one; know, too, that the flatterer himself knows the falsehood of his own flatteries, yet one likes the morsel and loves the impostor.

It is impossible to be logical as to liking for smooth words; but there are degrees in the mystery. Compliments between men and women are no doubt the most grateful and the most legitimate. They may plead a natural illusion. Then there are personal compliments to our exterior, attributing youth or good looks, and there are the more general compliments which we have to bestow, or to hear bestowed, at hustings, public meetings, wedding breakfasts, and in friendly reviews. These various compliments ask for different rates of credulity. It is allowable, surely, to hope for the best. There always may be a degree of truth in personal compliments, as far as we know. We see ourselves in the glass, old and plain it may be, but we can be brought to reflect that we do not see ourselves illuminated by the animation of talk or the glow of feeling. Some unquestionably have looks that their glass never shows them, and why may we not be of the number? Those "time out of mind" lines which show so distinctly in the glare brought to bear upon them may soften in another light; we cannot be quite sure that our friend is altogether wrong. The success of the more general compliment is far more difficult to understand. The pleasure men find in being complimented wholesale by fellow-townsmen and common acquaintance before a large assembly goes to the heart of the mystery. Men *do* like it—men who are quite discerning enough not to believe a word that is being said. To be the theme of certain dulcet words, to feel the ears tickled by a temporary relation with high-sounding virtues and lofty deeds, has, it seems, a touch of Elysium in it, though they are at once recognised as meaning nothing. Words have a power to lay an unction on the senses that no man's judgment can resist. As to the fools, they fall headlong. There are people to whom anything can be said with a good chance of being believed, who see no incongruity between their deserts and the utmost hyperbole of praise. The existence of such persons no doubt keeps alive the art of praise; they set the standard of what may be said, and keep invention on the stretch.

But to ordinary men where, indeed, can the pleasure lie of wholesale praise, profuse, but undiscerning? Where can be the relish of a series of mistakes at our expense, attributing to us virtues of which we are innocent, and in which we simply cannot recognise ourselves? Yet undoubtedly men do like it; and it must lie in the mystery of words. That the air should be filled with something handsome about ourselves, that the sound should be continuous, that smoothness should hang about our name, that a number of ears and tongues should be pleasantly occupied about us, has undoubtedly a power to please.

Compliments are not real praise, we know, but they are akin. Even real genuine heartfelt praise is not without its mysteries. Why should we be pleased

with it, when the conscience and judgment in great part disown it? A keen mind must always see some flaw in the praise—something unreasonable and calculated to make one a good deal ashamed of it. Yet even the keen mind capitulates; and there are others who look for it and lap it up; who fish for it, turn the worn tinsel into gold, and live in an atmosphere of illusion. There are women, like the *Femme Savante*, who can make out something to their advantage in "Je veux être pendu si je vous aime". There are persons who, taking it as a matter of course that they are incapable of decay, will ask their acquaintances to guess their age. This is perhaps the worst case of asking to be deceived. Age writes itself on every face; everybody who gives himself time can guess another's age to a year or two; but who can set himself to so ungracious a task? We simply see that we are being asked for a compliment. The compliment does not really deceive anybody—not even the person who asked for it. Yet it pleases.

These are but cankered roses, after all. A really exquisite compliment is one of the finest achievements of the intellect. It needs a poet, an orator, or a lover who is both in one, for its accomplishment. Witness Shakespeare's celebrated compliment—which it assuredly is—to Elizabeth. He knew very well, and knew also that she knew, that she had not been "fancy free" any time the last twenty or thirty years. But it was true to appearances, and may still be received as a token of a certain gallant reverence for the Virgin Queen.

Such first-rate artificers generally let out the great fact about compliments—that they love their own ingenuity fully as much as the thing they praise. When a great poet compliments a pretty woman he obviously means to go shares in the fame. The lady finds the beauty and the poet furnishes the immortality. Shakespeare concluded a sonnet of exquisite and tender compliment with—

"So long as men can breathe, and eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."

And old Drayton, after a great deal of pretty homage, sings thus of the house where his lady was born:

"The old man passing by that way,
To his son in time shall say,
There was that lady born, which long
To after ages shall be sung,
Who, unawares, being passed by,
Back to that house shall cast his eye,
Speaking my verses as he goes,
And with a sigh shut every close."

Really, when one reads the finished compliments of great and skilful praisers one is half sorry that the best wits no longer practise the accomplishment, but leave it in the hands of bunglers.

Skilful praise requires that the distinctive part of ourselves, "something unfound or found in us alone", should have been recognised and valued; and that this, the rarest, choicest of all homage, should be precious is not mysterious at all. But how rare it is to be so flattered. Normally we must be content with blundering civilities. We must be praised not for the something choice and piquant on which we secretly plume ourselves, but for sterling qualities we do not desire to possess. We may even be compelled to hear insult where flattery was intended. Thus, at a meeting of local politicians, the following tribute was paid to the speaker of the evening by the experienced chairman: "I assure you," he said, with warm emphasis, "I have frequently listened to my dear friend, but I have never heard him to greater advantage than to-day. He is always eloquent and impressive, but his speech to-day was something more. *There was information in it, something new, something I never heard before.*"

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GERMAN SUBMARINES: A PROPOSAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9, Lauriston Road, Wimbledon,

16 May 1915.

SIR,—Why do we sit down and do nothing to check the submarine outrages?

Surely it is time to make reprisals to the full extent of our power.

Our naval small craft, numerous as they are, are admittedly quite insufficient to clear our coasts of submarines and also perform their other and even more important duties.

The form which reprisals should take is clear before our eyes and has been again and again advocated, alas! in vain.

Privateering, privateers, as many as we can get. We must offer a reward to any privateer which captures or destroys a submarine, a reward proportionate to the value of the service rendered, and at the same time a bonus to all other privateers at sea at the time of the capture.

Some will say: "Ships and men could not be got".

But the spirit of Drake is not dead, and even the word "Privateer" has its magic.

I believe if, in addition to granting licences in this country, our Dominions were authorised to issue them, men and ships would be almost too plentiful.

And if we could not at once get all we required, even a dozen privateers would be better than nothing, and, if unsuccessful, they would cost us nothing.

The vessels must be small, the armament need only be of the lightest, and number is more important than great speed.

Each privateer acting independently on his own initiative would remain an unknown factor in an unknown position.

The disposition of our Fleets and cruisers is only too well known to the enemy.

As for the Declaration of Paris, what neutral could or would object if we denounced it?

I believe that all the neutrals would applaud our act, and that France would follow our lead as far as her resources allowed her.

The submarine danger is a new one and requires special measures, and it is quite time we made an effort to save our merchant seamen and our merchant fleet.

Yours faithfully,

H. C. A. BAYNES,
Rear-Admiral (Retired).

BOGUS VOLUNTARISM.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Leonards.

18 May 1915.

SIR,—In an article "Fresh Need of Recruiting" in the "Daily Chronicle" (18 May) the following passage occurs: "Any bachelor under 30 (to put it no higher) who is not engaged on war work nor in indispensable production, and who yet neglects to try for the Army and have his medical fitness tested, is plainly acting a very discreditable part, and deserves to have the finger of scorn pointed at him. He is sponging on the labours and sacrifices of other men regardless of the fact that if they acted as he does this country's fate would be that of Belgium or worse."

A more scathing indictment of the present "voluntary" system could hardly have been penned! And the irony of the situation is that the "Daily Chronicle" does not seem to see it. It condemns wholesale every eligible man who has not enlisted, without any question of the particular merits of his individual case.

and seems, in fact, quite ready to force every man, by moral or other persuasion, to "volunteer". But with the plain, honest obligation, by law, on every man to serve his country it will have nothing at present to do! If the matter were not so serious it would be laughable.

There is a growing belief that the class in this country which most ardently desires National Service is, to use an Irishism, "out of it". That class is not the Unionist party nor the Liberal, nor yet the "Conscriptionist" Press, but—the men fighting at the Front. When that fact is established there will be an end of "volunteering", and we shall have, at last, an honest obligatory Act, fair to all alike, restoring to the nation its dignity and self-respect, and enabling the Government to organise fully and speedily both the fighting and the productive powers of this country.

Yours faithfully,

ANTI-HUMBUG.

NO LONGER A LONELY FURROW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

19 May 1915.

SIR,—At length the SATURDAY REVIEW has ceased—it is, I think, Lord Rosebery's phrase—to plough a lonely furrow. That which it has urged with "damnable iteration" since early last autumn in leading articles, notes, letters, special articles and reviews galore—namely, that the State should call up the youth and vigour of the nation—is now, I observe, in general favour, so far as the great body of the patriotic Press in this country is concerned. With the exception of the "Daily Telegraph" I think it may be said that all the powerful and serious organs of Unionist opinion now declare for compulsory or obligatory service. The "Morning Post" has come out to-day openly for it; the "Times" has virtually declared for it; the "Spectator" is of the same mind; the "Daily Mail" has for some weeks past proclaimed it with the utmost vigour; whilst lately the "Daily Graphic"—an organ which is devoted to true voluntarism, which our present system, of course, is not—has urged it in the best and most reasoned short leading article I have seen in any daily paper. Lord Haldane's pronouncement lately in the House of Lords, and Lord Lansdowne's authoritative welcome of that pronouncement on behalf of the Opposition, have no doubt stiffened the waverers or the cautious movers; but quite apart from that, public feeling has certainly been steadily growing and ripening in favour of a fair and organised arrangement, for it has now been largely borne in on the public that, under the present want of system, the wrong men have been too often drawn off from their ordinary work; whilst the right men—for example, the quite young, the unmarried, and the absolutely fit in eyes, teeth, and physique generally—have been left at home. Besides, with a shock, the public has discovered—as you have more than once warned it—that men have actually been drawn from the making of rifles, guns and ammunition, a very grave mistake indeed, which under a scientific system could not possibly have occurred, seeing that such men would have been strictly forbidden to enlist.

Almost the whole Unionist Press then has come round, and the view which the SATURDAY REVIEW has advocated from September or October last has received, virtually, the imprimatur of the Party; and, besides, been at length considered gravely by the Government, as Lord Haldane let it be known to the surprise and pleasure of the House of Lords and Unionist leaders last week.

This may seem a great step forward, but unfortunately there is a wide gap indeed between the acceptance of the principle and the practice of it. Unless the Government has already made a close study of the figures, of the many entirely necessary exemptions, and of the way the thing would have to be worked locally as well as centrally, months must elapse before a plan could be carried through. At the present time we have the spectacle of many people—who are

zealous and patriotic, but have not studied the subject in the least—calling out for a general census and organisation of the resources, human and other, of the whole country in order that our entire strength may be put into the war. Such a work, well done, can only be based on an enquiry and preparation which might take, to complete, a matter of years. Even if the lesser and simpler enquiry and preparation which a law of National Service would entail has not been carried out already, the goal must, I fear, be yet some way off.

Yours faithfully,

X.

THE DRINK QUESTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

15, Wynne Road, Brixton, S.W.

SIR,—Your correspondent, Mr. Bale, has written a long and somewhat discursive letter in praise of intoxicating liquors. At first sight this would seem a rather unnecessary proceeding, inasmuch as few people need urging to the use of these inherently attractive articles of diet.

But I cannot admit that your correspondent's pleas are well founded. Thus, he is mistaken in claiming medical opinion, as a whole, in support of his view. This, admittedly, was at one time the case; but wider knowledge, the result of special investigation, has transferred the preponderance—a growing preponderance in weight, and possibly in numbers—to the opposite side.

But in this matter popular experience is a surer guide than the theories of the faculty, and this is distinctly on the side of abstinence. Life insurance statistics show a superiority of, roughly, 20 per cent. in favour of abstainers over non-abstainers in the matter of longevity—a fact full of significance. Hard manual work is found to be done with less fatigue, and extremes of heat and cold better endured without than with alcohol. In the training of athletes alcohol is usually banned, and also in occupations and undertakings which require prompt decision, steady nerves, and accurate judgment. Alcohol can claim a place in the category of luxuries, justifiable or otherwise as the case may be; but in no sense is it essential to efficiency or, probably, conducive to it.

I do not think we need attach much importance to the personal health experiences of your correspondent. They could be countered by a host of testimonies leading to a directly opposite conclusion. And it must not be forgotten that one effect of alcohol is to produce a sensation of efficiency by no means corresponding to the facts. The power of habit is another factor demanding attention. A man who abandons his customary beverage has a sense of discomfort and impairment, especially if it has been a reluctant and mistrustful abandonment. But the habit of taking alcoholic drinks once effectually broken, there comes, in practically every case, an experience of increased alertness and general well-being and efficiency.

Taking a broad view of the whole question, I think it incontestable that all experience, from the days of Noah downwards, proves that the general use of these drinks is invariably accompanied by their abuse in so serious a proportion of cases, and with consequences so disastrous, that such use becomes in the highest degree undesirable. And at that I am content to leave it.

I notice that, in accordance with the traditions of his school, your correspondent begs the question by describing total abstinence as a "fad". The term is ridiculously inappropriate. The abstainer is content to drink the water essential to life, either plain or with some slight added flavour. That is not faddism, but simple naturalism. The true faddist is the man who insists on the addition to his drink of one special element, without which he feels discontented and unhappy. The less such a man talks of faddism the better, especially as he generally develops into a fanatic if any one ventures to interfere with his fad.

Yours, etc.,

FRANK ADKINS.

REVIEWS.

STYLE.

"Hark to these Three." By Sturge Moore. Elkin Mathews. 1s. 6d. net.

WHAT is style; how may it be achieved; what is its criterion? In Mr. Sturge Moore's book three men are presenting and supporting the argument. The first would achieve style, the second is become dilettantist, the third is in possession of the thing itself—at least as he conceives of it; for style is illusive in essence, aspect, possession, perception. Concerning personalities, Alfred Cahil, "nice boy", has written his first novel; Vincent Brown, "solicitor and sometime enthusiastic social reformer", is, at middle age, dabbling in art; Stanton, artist, is withal a speculative thinker. To him comes Cahil, troubled over his style and wanting advice. The purpose of the book is unfolded in dialogue form; of an intended freedom from rigidity of attitude there is hint in the concluding words:

"Thanks", Cahil says, holding out his hand. "We must be off or miss our train."

"I'll walk with you", Stanton cries.

"We may have to run", Brown warns him, but he laughs: "I'll run, too".

Once admitted that style is "positive"; that "the criterion is inherent, essential"; there can be but little dogmatism over its effects. These may be understood as outward beauty in art—as the breath that aerates form—as the shining through of an interior light. "It is", in other words, "that final stamp in writing, answering to that indefinable finish and tone which, in personal appearance and manner, sets the mark of distinction on the possessor". Style is a great enlightener. It is not one with humour, yet is often seen with humour, being also opposed to mechanical accuracy or the "dead" earnest. "When", says Stanton, "we mechanically or by force of circumstances write novels, back our party, or wrestle with injustice and demand votes, we are very likely not to achieve style". The thing should be potential in the human mind, since all may achieve its expression—or must something be ascribed to the imitative faculty in producing an appearance only of the happy distinction? Certain it is that many have style who do not know it, and by these it is manifested in every conceivable relation in affairs. Now it appears in noble acts and words, now travels, an undirected spark, along ways that are debased to shine "in murder, in despair, in rebellion against good". In action style is that which differentiates the creations of a god from those of a Frankenstein, the destructions of an Iago from those of a Tamerlane. Its essence is tintured neither of heaven nor of hell. "The felicity of style", affirms Stanton, "is no symbol for any other form of welfare".

The entire consideration is fascinating both to the discursive philosopher and to the aspirant in art. A single point may give material for speculative thought. "Don't you think", Cahil says, "it is a kind of genius to be simply right like Miss Austen?" And Stanton, with "Perhaps", justly waives the question, being now engaged less with style itself than with the steps whereby it shall be approached. Yet, at the hint thought turns and fastens upon the marvellous gift of innate, absolute style; a gift analogous, it would seem, to that of absolute health, absolute virtue, or any other innate perfection that may characterise the physical or mental constitutions of individuals. It becomes apparent that, as some live in whom health or virtue continues at constant equilibrium, so there are others in whom style, whether in music or literature, appears always and easily at poise. Such folk are rare. When—for that is not always—they attract public notice they are proclaimed prodigies. If—and this is often—no effort is made by themselves or others to enforce and mature their innate quality, they cease in time to be surprising; their "promise" is declared to have failed of expansion. Miss Austen possessed

the gift. The pinnacle at whose apex she stands is her own unchanging altitude. Without aspiration, without effort, she exhibits attainment. She is style. "O", sighed George Herbert, "that thy care would show a root that gives expressions". Nevertheless the involuntary givers of expressions may not be envied. It is not theirs to cry:

"My thoughts extensions were,
Like paces, reaches, steps they did appear;
They somewhat hotly did pursue,
Knew that they had not all their due,
Nor ever quiet were".

Their gift may be pronounced upon as Montaigne pronounced upon the gift of absolute virtue. "Virtue", he said, "is a thing other and more noble than the inclination that arises from the goodness that is within us". Style that owes nothing to the roughness of ascent, to insistent askings, to costly givings, is another and a less vital thing than that gift which gives right—and necessity—"to trouble the golden gateway of the stars".

For the aspirant, for him who would mature his "inclination", there appears no "velvet course of fortune". To measure and make good his scope must be his aim. Keats so aimed, and he is Stanton's example of the consistent, tireless effort that wins, at just seasons, reward in the "flowering" of the mind. "Only one", the mentor emphasises, "who never halts, never repines, seizes all his opportunities; only the artist, as ready to reject as to grab at effect, has loyalty sufficient to improve, as Keats did in a few years, his language, rhythm, imagination, taste, thought, and sympathy". In such manner have our artists brought forth their masterpieces: De Quincey, who held that a poet should spend the third part of his life in studying his mother tongue and cultivating its resources; Gray, that lord of words, who, in holding expression to be the great point, explained: "I do not mean by expression the mere choice of words, but the whole dress, fashion, and arrangement of a thought"; Landor, of whom it was said: "He accumulates clause upon clause of towering eloquence, but in the last clause never fails to plant his period composedly and gracefully on its feet". Nor is less toil behind Matthew Arnold's cold cut "felicitous phrase that haunts the grateful memory", or Francis Thompson's fiery meteoric rush of thought, words and phrasings. Immeasurably more important than their gift was their toil. Through loyalty they achieved; they became that that was in them to be. They fulfilled themselves.

THE CHARITABLE SATIRIST.

"The Little Man: and other Satires." By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 6s.

IN Mr. Galsworthy's new book there is at least as much sympathy as satire. In the comedy called "The Little Man", the irony is balanced by the humour, and the writer's sharp wit by his ideals. As in nature, the dock and nettle grow close together. Mr. Galsworthy, like Abou Ben Adhem, can be counted as one who loves his fellow men, and, though he sees their faults and follies with terrible clarity, he is no pessimist. His moods change swiftly from anger to pity. In the dialogue he names "Hey-day", we hear the voice of the Recording Angel speaking a reasoned and deadly indictment of the civilisation of the century in which we live. At the end it may seem to some that there is no defence to be made, no escape from condemnation as a race half-barbarous, half-decadent, and wholly absurd. Yet Man is allowed to make his answer, to pass from apologies to the triumphant cry: "Something human is more precious than all the judgments of the sky!" Mr. Galsworthy would only convict those of deadly sin who are certain of their own infallibility.

The same note is struck in the ten "Studies of Extravagance", which form the middle part of this

volume. Whether from sense of justice or sense of humour—and the two are close akin—the author cannot think of a type of men or women without visualising its antithesis. In one of his cleverest character sketches he depicts the "Plain Man": that supreme egoist who jeers at all he cannot understand in art, regulates his politics by his personal interests, whose religion is formalism, and whose finer emotions are stunted by fear of sentimentality. Did this study stand alone it could only be valued as an incisive and bitter piece of writing, but against it is placed the portrait of the Plain Man's bugbear. "The Superlative" is he who finds nothing excellent in the work and thought of his own age and country. He holds that all the great men are dead or yet unborn, that madness, drunkenness, and nightmare yield the only moments of inspiration, that the successful artist is the least worthy of all creatures, and "gentleman" the foulest of all words. If we take the two "characters" together, we can draw from them most of what Mr. Galsworthy wants to tell us. He asks us to reject both their gospels, because each of them sits in judgment with a deaf ear and a blind eye. Mr. Galsworthy is himself one of those who judge humanity, but he is apt to acquit those who come before him, because he sees the faulty places on all sides of a question. Keen faculty of sight *debars* him from many happy enthusiasms, but it gives him charity, and he is the advocate of those who cannot speak for themselves. Perhaps he has scarcely been fair to himself in calling this book a collection of satires, for, when the whole of it is read, we feel that it is a satire against satire. It is the mockers and scorners whom he has put in the pillory.

A BEAUTY OF THE SECOND EMPIRE.

"The Romance of a Favourite." By Frédéric Loliée. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

MADAME DE CASTIGLIONE, a woman of great beauty, had more than the average intelligence. Courtied, admired, petted, the friend and counsellor of kings, the favourite of an Emperor, she lived a life spacious, magnificent. But she was never happy. Made, it would seem, for love, it is probable she never loved. Certainly, while men courted her, she never inspired a lasting love. But it was not love she looked for in life. It was domination. She thirsted for action—for the control of events on the big stage of the world's history. She wanted to be a queen. There was in her that *ὕβρις* against which the Greeks warned us as a quality certain to arouse the jealousy of the lurking powers that lie in wait for hapless mortals who presume too much. In a very real sense it may be said of her that her beauty was her downfall. Men desired her for it—her path was strewn with "hearts"; but always it just failed to bring her what she longed for, and she found in life nothing but ennui, bitterness, and disappointment. The latter years of her life were a tragedy. The victim of melancholia, the prey of morbid fancies and suspicions, she passed her days in solitude and in perpetual darkness. Her disordered mind saw secret enemies everywhere. Doubt and distrust dogged her steps like a shadow. She died alone and unhonoured, in gloomy lodgings, in poverty, without the consolations of religion and without the solace of husband, child or lover.

Perhaps all her life she was a little unbalanced. Perhaps her brain was turned by the mocking semblance of power which the world accords to women of great loveliness. It is impossible to say. That she was a remarkable woman her story shows. That she was not a great one is equally revealed. With all her distinction and loftiness of soul, there was in her a strain of pettiness—of vulgarity, indeed—which vitiated her character.

Like many great beauties, she has become almost a legendary figure. She still has her adorers and detractors. Scandals innumerable have clustered round her name, and chivalrous poets have stepped

into the breach to champion her cause and render her ecstatic homage. M. Frédéric Loliée gives us a picture of the woman as she really was. His is no fancy picture, for the romance of her life as he tells it has been culled from the numerous letters—"forty years of epistolary effusions"—in which day by day she had prodigally poured out, as if to provide the elements of a future volume, "her recollections of her youth, the notable circumstances connected with her social triumphs, or her secret intervention in the foreign policy of the Second Empire, her speedy disillusionment amid a life of scepticism and pleasure, her impressions of the Court, the reawakening of her sterile activity, her opinion of the Princes, whom she had known too intimately to cherish in regard to them any illusions—finally the whole mad series of dreams that haunted her brain during the final period."

The subtle Cavour, it would seem, must have read her character well when he chose Madame de Castiglione as the secret emissary of Italy at the Court of the Tuilleries. Her instructions were "to flirt with the Emperor, if need be to seduce him". In this she had little difficulty. Napoleon III., hard and reserved as he was, could not resist a pretty woman. Her success was complete within a week of her arrival in Paris. Here is M. Loliée's description of her at her first appearance at the Tuilleries on a gala night:

"All eyes were fastened on her, on that vivid figure with its soft curves and alluring grace. Her pure profile, her eyes almond-shaped and glowing, her delicately-modelled mouth, her superbly abundant and shining chestnut hair, her slender neck poised with distinction on shoulders modelled to perfection, her bared throat whose audacious beauty seemed, according to the expression of an eye-witness, to fling a challenge at all the women present, her regal bust, her arms and hands of an exquisite contour, her incomparably moulded outlines—everything about her was made to be loved."

Success at first seemed likely to crown the diplomatic coquetries of Madame de Castiglione. "L'Italie est la fille de Napoleon III." was the phrase that was echoed from end to end of the Peninsula a few months after her arrival in Paris. But the expectations of Victor Emmanuel, of Cavour, and Madame herself were doomed to disappointment. Napoleon left his task incomplete, and the Peace of Villafranca proved the frustration of Italy's hopes. Madame de Castiglione expressed her views a little too freely, and was for a time banished from France. Later, by a species of blackmail, it would seem, by hints resembling vague threats, she returned to Paris, where through days of glorious social triumphs, and with many a mysterious disappearance at intervals, she remained throughout her life.

She could not endure to be a cipher. She loved mystery and intrigue, and she took care that an air of mystery should surround her. "She was supposed to have inner information concerning European statecraft. Different Governments had conferred certain privileges on her. The diplomatic world was supposed to be her province. The Emperor, it was said, asked her advice in private. Without making any definite statement, she allowed it to be understood that she was in active correspondence with the principal personages of foreign courts."

How far this idea of her was correct it is difficult to say. After the Italian fiasco there is little evidence of her employment in an official capacity in diplomatic relations. But it is quite clear that the desire for political power was the mainspring of her life. "The finer sentiments of love, sacrifice, self-denial, scarcely left a ripple on her soul's surface. . . . To be a kind of universal intermediary in great affairs, to correspond on politics with the ends of the earth, to interpret the dark sayings of diplomacy, to entertain, if only in imagination, extraordinary projects, to play a part, even in secret, in the international game: these were the activities susceptible of arousing, exciting, and satisfying her passionate nature!" But Madame

de Castiglione's dream of becoming a "power" was never realised. In the midst of her greatest social success came the red orgy of 1870 and the fall of the Empire. Her political ambitions revived later when she attempted to quicken in the Duc d'Aumale the hope of a prompt restoration of the monarchy. But again failure dogged her. It was the last of her intellectual disappointments. She had developed an incurable hatred of mankind. Her beauty was on the wane, and, while her friends remained faithful, her admirers became fewer. She refused to be an anonymous and unknown member of the crowd in the capital which had witnessed her triumphs, and so she broke with society and retired into seclusion. As a letter-writer she had great gifts. To write was a passion with her, and throughout her life she kept up a continual correspondence with her friends, with the Duke of Vallombrosa, with Léon Cléry, and, above all, with Louis Estancelin. The last-named, the most constant of all her friends, it was agreed, should help her with her book, her "Memoirs", wherein she was "to wash the slate clean of thirty years of amorous legends". The work was begun, but never finished. She raised up barriers wherever her collaborator sought to advance, and at last, in a fit of pique, she demanded that he should return all her autograph documents, letters, and portraits, so that they might be committed to the flames. As time went on she became more moody and capricious. Money worries, law suits, and bad health did their work. She shut herself up and prepared to die, scrawling with feverish hands the most minute directions as to her laying-out, her obsequies, and burial. Only a few old servants were with her when she died, and the place of her entombment was kept secret. "It was", writes M. Lolié, "with great difficulty that this unknown tomb could be pointed out to me, lost, as it was, in the wooded portion of Père Lachaise. The inscription on it was effaced, and it bore no ornament. A poor and simple wreath of holly, all withered, covered its cold nakedness. How cruel and implacable a record of so brilliant a destiny! . . ."

"THE FELLOWSHIP OF SILENCE."

"The Fellowship of Silence." Edited by Cyril Hepher. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

(REVIEWED BY BISHOP FRODSHAM.)

FOR the most part Mr. Hepher's noteworthy book is addressed by "priests of the English Church to their own fellow Churchmen, commending to them a way of prayer used among Quakers for centuries". There are also three articles by two Quakers, a father and daughter, who write upon the same subject from their own point of view. It is a remarkable thing that Anglican can address Anglican, and Quaker address Quaker, within the covers of the same book with perfect frankness upon a subject of deep religious importance to both without the slightest sign of the controversial or proselytising spirit. It is also stimulating, at a time when any exhibition of religious bitterness among those who call themselves Christians hurts like a blow, to find men so much in earnest in advocating what they severally believe to be a common bond of fellowship in the midst of many and great divisions.

The main purport of the book is to record certain experiences. The movement and the book are said to have had their origin four years ago in a little wooden church nestling among a grove of cypress and pine in New Zealand. A "Mission of Help", modelled upon the South African Mission at the conclusion of the war, was then in progress. The Editor of the book, who was one of the missionaries, found in the village of Havelock, near Napier, that some Quakers had obtained leave to hold their silent meetings under the shadow of the Ecclesia Anglicana. The meeting was held first in the vestry. Subsequently it migrated into the church. There it became a weekly occurrence, and was attended by many Anglicans, including the Vicar and his wife. Mr. Hepher's account of his first intro-

duction to this united service of silence is worth quoting: "The September afternoon was drawing to evening, and the dusk was settling over the land, as we passed into the silent church—a little group. It was divine service without its common human aids. No choir sang to us, no preacher ascended the pulpit, no stoled and vested priest directed our approach to the Great Presence. We entered, we knelt, we were still, and our souls began to be united with a new and strange fellowship in that silence; and as the silence deepened there grew a deeper sense, the sense of Presence, and the work of prayer, ever hard, became easy. Human aid we had, though not of the common sort. Seeking God side by side every man helped his fellow. The half-hour sped away before any sound broke in upon our stillness, but when at length we rose and passed out into the world again we carried with us the knowledge that we had been near God."

It should be noted that the kernel of this experience was not the effect of solitary meditation, but of fellowship in meditation. The Havelock folk, in their still and secret communings with God, discovered the value of fellowship. This is not a unique discovery. Those who have taken part in a Retreat where the rule of silence has been faithfully observed have experienced much the same sensation. The great gain was not what was said by the conductor of the Retreat—sometimes it was almost in spite of what he said—it was the overwhelming conviction that the Divine Spirit was moving among them and between them, as it were, upon the face of the waters. So also the conductor—I write from experience—has felt himself lifted up as upon wings. His faltering tongue was loosed and his words became freighted with an alien power. What does this experience mean? It would be very easy to give, in the latest language of psychology, a statement that might pass for an explanation. In reality such an explanation would rest ultimately upon hypotheses as little, or as much, capable of absolute proof as the Christian hypothesis. Absolute certainty, in spite of all religious or scientific convictions, still remains shrouded from human eyes, still remains a *Grenzbegriff*. "Ever not quite" the Christian believes to be a concomitant of human life, the rationale for his practical faith. Therefore he is emboldened to see in this experience a Divine assurance of the manifestation of Christ's Spirit to those who seek it not alone but together. It is to him an act of rational obedience to one of the many half-hidden laws, which he perceives in an elusive unity surrounding him, and which must be obeyed in order that their existence is to be verified, even in part. "Where two or three are gathered together in My Name, there am I in the midst of them" is an indication of the existence of a law.

With regard to the subjective side of the experience one must necessarily write with similar diffidence. Mr. Hepher makes a point of stating that "Molinos has no disciples in this book". This is an interesting and important point. Michael de Molinos was a Spanish priest of ardent piety and devotion. He died in prison in Rome in 1696. The rock of his offence was the publication in 1675 of a book that, after the manner of the time, explains itself on its title-page. It is "The Spiritual Guide which disentangles the soul, and brings it by the inward way to the getting of perfect contemplation, and the rich treasure of internal peace, with a brief treatise concerning daily communion". It is well known that the Roman Church has condemned unreservedly Molinos and the Quietists, as his followers are called. And since the Roman Catholic theologians have written very much about the practical side of mysticism it is important to read their reasons for doing so. "A Manual of Mystical Theology", published in 1903 by the Rev. Arthur Devine, a Passionist father, and dealing with the practical side of all mystic experiences, asserts that Molinos taught that "perfect contemplation is a state in which a man does not reflect either on God or on himself, but passively receives the impression of heavenly light without exercising any acts, the mind being in perfect inaction and inattention which the author calls quiet". Such contemplation

reacts upon the moral character through making contemplation something apart from the intellect and the moral desires. "The use of the sacraments and good works" become matters of indifference. There are other reasons which carry great weight with Roman Catholics, but their chief gravamen appears to be that the silence recommended by Molinos leaves no room for intellect, will, and what is called the Christian life. The various Anglican contributors have disassociated themselves from Molinos, but can the same be said unreservedly of all the members of the Fellowship of Silence in England and America? The religious philosophy of the Society of Friends holds much akin to Quietism, although no one would dream of calling the Quakers careless of "the life". And what must be said of the Theosophists who appear to have joined in the movement? Their entry is rightly called by Mr. Hepher a very significant fact. The matter is of more moment than might at first sight appear. Because, as has been proved to the hilt lately, ideas have a vitality that Englishmen have been slow in the past to allow. The Germans call themselves Christians, and yet German Christianity appears to have room for something that cannot easily be reconciled with what we believe to be Christian.

Mr. Hepher says: "Speech divides, silent fellowship unites. Silence is a territory where Mombasa and Zanzibar might meet without evoking a second Kikuyu. . . Silence rids us of Babel. The soul of prayer is the same in every language". But is this really the case? One of the most horrible quarrels I ever witnessed was between two dumb people. It is not silence qua silence, any more than it is speech qua speech, that makes or heals differences. The unifying effect of silence depends upon something more than the cessation of talking. The spirit of toleration, of willingness to see and welcome what is good, of spiritual-mindedness is a unifying power. Silence is only a field in which that spirit works. This criticism is not made in a controversial spirit. Still less does it show lack of sympathy with the restoration of the religious use of silence. But the fact remains that silence, like speech, may be misused. So far from healing differences, it may create new differences and add to the discord of the world by creating new errors. Granted that silence unlocks a storehouse of knowledge, the supreme question is: To what good will the new-found knowledge be used? Granted that the Fellowship of Silence is a movement towards unity, whither is this unity tending? The Roman Catholic Church in this particular matter has a wealth of practical experience from which a wise man will learn much of the limitations of silent waiting upon God, and which may not be lightly set aside because one may differ from it in detail.

So far as the Church of England is concerned, the general introduction of silence into the common service would be advantageous if its purpose was clearly understood and loyally acted upon. There is a growing number of men and women of fine instincts and deep religious feelings who are not satisfied by Church services. It is not that they object to music and ritual so much as they feel that the aids to worship have encroached upon worship itself. They desire to lay hold of God with a firmer grip. The restoration of the religious use of silence, with the deepening knowledge of spiritual reality it entails, would do much to win for such as these a new vitality for their religious life. And is it too much to say that a sick world is looking eagerly for an evangel of peace, of concord, and of rest in God? Augustine's prayer is essentially true to-day. "O God, Thou hast made the human soul for Thyself, and it is restless until it rests in Thee."

KING AGAINST KAISER.

"Frederic the Great and Kaiser Joseph." By Harold Temperley. Duckworth. 5s. net.

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY diplomacy was notoriously immoral, but for the crowning proof of its infamy one must turn to the plots which led up to the

War of the Bavarian Succession. For cynical brutality and base hypocrisy their story cannot be matched. On the events of the period Mr. Harold Temperley, by a careful study of dispatches from the British envoys at various German Courts, has thrown valuable light, for the evidence in them, owing to special circumstances, can be taken as trustworthy. Our country had only the vaguest concern with Bavarian questions, had her hands full in America through the rebellion of the colonies, and was not particularly friendly with either Prussia or Austria, the two great contending Powers. When the Wilhelmine branch of the House of Wittelsbach ended at the death of Max Joseph in 1777, it was inevitable that there should be a dispute as to the succession to his territories. Kaiser Joseph looked with greedy eyes on a land at once rich and weak, and very useful to Austria for strengthening a strategic frontier. To back his claims he produced a dubious letter of investiture three hundred and fifty years old. The heir appointed by Max Joseph was Karl Theodor, a Wittelsbach of another line, who was quite willing to abandon the best part of the country to the Austrians if the Emperor would give him in return enough wealth to found the fortunes of his numerous natural children. Next in the Bavarian line was the Duke of Zweibrücken, his nephew, who resented this barter, out of which he was to get nothing. Finally, amongst these claimants there appears the figure of the King of Prussia.

Frederic's intervention in the dispute puts the last touch to the picture of shameless intrigue. History had already marked against him the rape of Silesia and his invitation to the Powers to "partake of the eucharistic body of Poland"; yet now he had the effrontery to declare himself the guardian of State morality against grasping Joseph, who, after all, contemplated no sin more deadly than an imitation of the old king's example. It is easy to imagine Frederic's satisfaction at the position in which he found himself. Princelings who had all their lives loathed and dreaded him began to worship and to fawn upon him, for was not he the great and noble champion of poor little Zweibrücken? Quickly he made friends with all Europe. Russia was eventually secured as an ally, and France—obliged to watch England and somewhat disgruntled with her old Austrian associates—could be counted as benevolent. To make sure of English neutrality, Frederic incontinently broke with the American rebels, whom he had been petting. Saxony, which he had ravaged and bullied in the Seven Years' War with Prussian thoroughness, the while he went daily to comfort his soul by contemplating Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto", was now induced to rally to his side.

None of the pedantic claims put forward in the matter of the succession can have much interest for any person living in the twentieth century. Nobody thought of consulting the Bavarians as to their destination, though a few of them, indeed, were well bribed. If from the vile entanglement we can draw any shred of right, it probably belonged to Zweibrücken, and for a moment we may wonder whether Frederic in his last years of life may not have been glad for once to defend a just cause. Without doubt he enjoyed the pose enormously. He was in the grip of age and had the cynic's temperament that can appreciate funeral orations in advance. Presently every German would deplore the loss of him and "bid the Heavens be hung with black"; every petty ruler would declare "He was my friend; faithful and just to me". In the circle of his intimates, however, he could not bear the weight of the cloak of righteousness. With his brother he made no secret of the fact that he cared for nothing but to swell his already swollen power. Had it been to his advantage to divide the disputed regions with Joseph, he would have had no more hesitation to pilfer there than he had had to dismember Poland; but simple geographical reasons made such a course practically impossible. When the Emperor tried to strike a bargain with him, setting Baireuth and Ansbach against Lower Bavaria, Frederic could

reject the proposal with scorn, for he knew he could add these scraps and oddments to his crown whenever he chose.

All this Mr. Temperley makes abundantly plain, but in two or three places his estimate of Austrian designs seems scarcely fair. Joseph's scheme for helping himself to Bavaria was less rather than more iniquitous than the partition of Poland, for, after all, Vienna and Munich were both German; and at this time of day it is idle to speak of Polish nationality as a dead thing. Secondly, the loss of Silesia had practically incited Austrian power to recoup itself elsewhere. Again, when the author writes of Joseph's plans for a "partition of Germany", beginning in Bavaria, he is obviously wide of the mark and influenced by modern Prussian historians. The Emperor desired to consolidate and not to divide, yet what has been termed Bismarck's virtue is called vice on the part of an Austrian. In the whole affair, however, it is hard to find anybody acting with decency, and Mr. Temperley's readers are not likely to become enthusiastic partisans of one side or the other.

VILLAGE TALES.

"The Tollhouse." By Evelyn St. Leger. Smith, Elder. 3s. 6d.

IN Mrs. Kidston of the Tollhouse Miss Evelyn St. Leger has given us a delightful picture of the old family servant—a type made familiar to us in fiction, but one which is fast disappearing in actual life. Mrs. Kidston will rank with the very best specimens that fiction or life have produced. She deserved to be immortalised. She had many precious qualities. Her loyalty to "the family", her pride in the young people she had nursed, her wisdom and power of prophecy awaited, we feel, just such a chronicler as Miss St. Leger proves. For such is her art and adroitness as a story-teller that Miss St. Leger would have us feel that she is but the humble administrant passing on to us the crumbs of homely philosophy and wisdom scattered so profusely by this so admirable Mrs. Kidston. And it all centres round the war, and the war in its effects on life in an old-world village where a modified form of feudalism still prevails, and where the villagers still bow and curtsy to the Squire and Parson as embodiments of all the high and holy things of life.

Mrs. Kidston, you will learn, attended the State procession at the opening of Parliament in 1913. And there she had the satisfaction of seeing the German Ambassador "dragged through the streets of London by the police". That was how she described the event which so much impressed her when the horses took fright and the Ambassador's coach had to be drawn by London policemen. Howsoever you look at it, true it is the Ambassador was in the hands of the police. And therein Mrs. Kidston saw an omen, an omen which kept her, and through her the whole village, cheerful even in the darkest days of the war. Not even the death of the eldest son of "the house," and the loss of many of the boys from the village, could shake her invincible optimism as to the final outcome of the war.

It is all very charming and delightful, and Miss St. Leger is to be congratulated on her simple, natural mode of narration. Her little sketches have a real freshness and aroma about them. Their fragrant grace renders them very pleasant reading.

NOTICE.

The Terms of Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW are

	United Kingdom.			Abroad.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
One Year ...	1	8	2	1	10	4
Half Year ...	0	14	1	0	15	2
Quarter Year ...	0	7	1	0	7	7

Cheques and Money Orders should be crossed and made payable to the Manager, SATURDAY REVIEW Offices, 10 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.

In the event of any difficulty being experienced in obtaining the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Manager would be glad to be informed immediately.

ALLIANCE

ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED.

Head Office: BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, E.C.

ASSETS EXCEED £24,000,000.

Chairman:

The Hon. N. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD.

The Operations of the Company embrace all branches of Insurance.

Full information respecting
ESTATE DUTY
and
CHILDREN'S EDUCATIONAL
POLICIES

issued by the Company may be
obtained on written or personal
application to the Office at the
above address.

ROBERT LEWIS, General Manager.

AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY.

Est. 1849.

THE LARGEST MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE IN THE EMPIRE.

Funds, £32,000,000. Annual Income, £4,000,000.

MODERATE PREMIUMS.
LIBERAL CONDITIONS.
WORLD-WIDE POLICIES.

Every Year a Bonus Year.

Whole-Life Policies 20 years in force show average increase of the sum assured by Bonus exceeding 50 per cent. 8-7-4%
Endowment Assurance Results also unsurpassed.

37 THREADNEEDLE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages.)

ESTABLISHED 1837.

[Annuities.]

FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000.

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHEARD, Esq., Chairman

Rt. Hon. Viscount VALENTIA, C.B., M.V.O., M.P., Deputy Chairman.

H. J. BRACEY, Esq.

Sir JOHN JARDINE, K.C.I.E., M.P.

H. E. DUKE, Esq., K.C., M.P.

C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq.

Rt. Hon. Lord FAIRFAX.

ROBERT HENRY SCOTT, Esq., F.R.S.

Hon. R. C. GROSVENOR.

D.Sc.

Double advantage policies issued securing TWO PAYMENTS of the amount assured—one payment on the attainment of a specific age, and a second payment at death thereafter.
Advances made on Reversions, vested or contingent, and Life Interests, and on Personal Security in connection with a Life Policy.

JOHN ROBERT FREEMAN, Manager and Secretary.

NORWICH UNION MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

because of its

AGE, - MAGNITUDE, - RESERVE STRENGTH,
PROFIT YIELD, - ALERTNESS, - & ECONOMY

The Outstanding
British
Life Office.

Write for Prospectus to The Secretary,

NORWICH UNION LIFE OFFICE, NORWICH,
or to any Branch Office of the Society.

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

(LIMITED),

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.

INVESTED FUNDS EXCEED - £90,000,000
CLAIMS PAID - - - - £118,000,000

Protection for Estates

against Death Duties can be most satisfactorily provided by means of Life Assurance, as provision is made by comparatively small annual payments out of income, ceasing at death of the Assured.

The moment the first Premium is paid the full amount of the Policy is ready to meet the duties in case of death.

Such provision is more than ever necessary to-day, in view of the heavy increase in Estate Duties and the depreciation in the value of investments.

Scottish Widows Fund.

FUNDS 22 MILLIONS STERLING

Write for Booklet, "Big Burdens and How to Bear Them."

Head Office: 9, St. Andrew Square, Edinburgh. London: 28, Cornhill, E.C., and 5, Waterloo Place, S.W.

BRITANNIC ASSURANCE CO., Ltd.

ORDINARY BRANCH—

Whole Life Assurances, with and without profits.
Endowment Assurances, with and without profits.
House Purchase, in combination with Life Assurance.

INDUSTRIAL BRANCH—

Adult Assurances, Whole Life and Endowment.
Children's Assurances, Whole Life and Endowment.

OVER £10,100,000 PAID IN CLAIMS.

FUNDS EXCEED — £3,790,000.

Agents required in all parts of the United Kingdom; splendid opportunities for energetic men.

Chief Offices: BROAD ST. CORNER, BIRMINGHAM.

INSURANCE OF BUILDINGS AND CONTENTS.—TO OWNERS OF PROPERTY, TRUSTEES AND SOLICITORS. MANY BUSINESS PREMISES, TOWN RESIDENCES, COUNTRY MANSIONS, FARM BUILDINGS, &c., ARE DANGEROUSLY UNDER-INSURED. THE PRESENT INCREASED COST OF BUILDING IS OVERLOOKED AND THE NECESSARY REVISION OF POLICIES NEGLECTED.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

prepare reports for the protection of Owners in all parts of the kingdom.—Offices: 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.

MESSRS. SOTHERAN have opened a WAR ROOM at 43 PICCADILLY, W., opposite Prince's Hall, where most of the war books of the day may be seen before buying.

Telegrams: Bookmen, London. Telephone: Mayfair 3601.

THE WELSH CHURCH ACT.

THE action of the Government in forcing the Welsh Church Bill upon the Statute Book by means of the Parliament Act, and bringing it into immediate operation in spite of the Prime Minister's pledge not to proceed with controversial legislation during the War, necessitates continued effort in defence of the Church in Wales.

Churchmen are therefore invited to support the CENTRAL CHURCH DEFENCE COMMITTEE, so that, when national conditions permit, an effective campaign may be launched for the repeal of the Act.

Cheques (crossed Messrs. Hoare) may be sent to the Secretary at the Offices of the Committee in the Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W.

T. MARTIN TILBY,

Secretary.

MALACCA PLANTATIONS.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Malacca Rubber Plantations, Ltd., was held on Tuesday, Mr. George B. Dodwell (Chairman of the Company) presiding.

The Chairman said: You will observe that the colonial expenses in respect of a crop of 3,382,147 lbs. of rubber were £180,760 16s. 1d., which compares with £192,868 18s. 7d. for 3,008,475 lbs. in 1913, showing an actual decrease of expenses of £12,108 2s. 6d., with an increase in production of 373,672 lbs. Those figures are extremely satisfactory. The fact that we realised £13,633 4s. 11d. less for our crop than in 1913 is, of course, a question of the market, and one can only say that our hope is that in the present year increased production may go hand in hand with enhanced price. Home expenses are also down. The net profit for the year, £144,223 15s. 8d., when compared with £131,156 11s. 6d. for 1913, shows an increase of £13,067 4s. 2d., which may be regarded as satisfactory. The most noticeable feature in the balance-sheet is, I think, that the capital expenditure comes down from £83,717 12s. 7d. in 1913 to £35,700 1s. 1d. for the year under review. For the present year it will be still further reduced, as there will be no fresh planting to pay for, and the non-producing areas of your property are a constantly diminishing quantity. Debentures to the value of £43,020 have been wiped out at a cost of £42,549 13s. A sum of £31,006 9s., under the heading of "French taxation," is deducted from the amount available for distribution. When the shares of this Company were placed upon the French market in the year 1910 we were advised by our then Paris agents that certain taxation would be imposed upon the Company in respect of the shares circulating in France, but that the amount payable would not be assessed until the completion of three years from the date when the first block of shares was officially introduced upon the Paris Bourse. Our agents also advised us that they had to undertake responsibility with the French Government for the payment of the ultimate assessment, and informed us that they would require us to deposit with them a sufficient sum in cash to cover their liability in the matter. We made deposits from time to time conformably to their requests, until finally we had a sum of £7,040 in their hands last June. In the month of October last we heard from Paris that the authorities were engaged in assessing the tax. Shortly afterwards our agents advised us that the assessment had been made, and that for the five years from 1910 to 1914 inclusive it totalled £31,006 9s. We went carefully into the matter and took the best advice obtainable, with the result that we were forced to the conclusion that an appeal against this assessment would be a useless expenditure of money. Things were never so satisfactory in Malacca as they are to-day. The planting programme which was indicated to you at our last meeting is complete, and we have 16,000 acres under rubber. The estates are, speaking generally, in excellent condition, and non-producing areas are coming along well.

CALLENDER'S CABLE.

THE Annual Meeting of Callender's Cable and Construction Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday, Mr. T. O. Callender (managing director) presiding.

The Chairman said that they had made the handsome profit of £162,254 during the past year. Considering the times they had been passing through, that must be considered a very reasonable amount to have made. It was £3,020 more than the profit for 1913. It was proposed to pay the same dividend and bonus as before, 15 per cent., which had been the distribution now for many years. They were then left with £163,169 to carry forward. He thought it would be agreed that the results of the year's trading were satisfactory. It was hardly necessary to say that they had only been arrived at after a great deal of hard work, and even worry, owing to the disorganisation of business consequent on the war. Owing to the action of the Treasury and the curtailment of business depending on new enterprises, the amount of contract work had considerably decreased. The large telephone contract on which they were engaged for the Post Office had, for a like reason, been suspended, but they had every hope that on the termination of the war it would be renewed and that much new work, in addition, would be placed in their hands. Apart from other work, they had a large engineering business, and that had enabled them to take advantage of work which had been offered to them by the Army and Navy, especially by the Navy, with which they had always been in close touch. The company was doing all it could to meet the requirements of the Navy, and he had spent some hours that morning on matters connected with such work. They were developing their business in various directions, most of which it was inexpedient to refer to at present, but they hoped to satisfy the "powers that be." It would be recognised that work carried out under conditions that now prevailed could not prove so profitable as work done in the ordinary course of their business, but they would do their best to protect the interests of the shareholders. There had been a good deal of trouble in regard to labour. Their own cable hands who had been with them for many years had stood by them loyally, but they, like everyone else with a large number of engineering employees, had suffered considerable inconvenience. He was sorry that the unrest was not yet at an end, nor were the conditions of labour between employers and employed in the engineering and kindred trades all they or others could wish. He hoped, however, now that forces were being put together in Parliament and elsewhere, and a serious attempt was being made to nationalise the manhood of this country, many of these troubles would disappear.

D. APPLETON & COMPANY**Who Goes There! The Winning of Lucia****Robert W. Chambers**

The adventures in love and war of a young American who serves in the Belgian Army during the present war. A story of pure adventure, episode and romance, with rapidity of plot and interest from beginning to end.

Amelia E. Barr

How a young girl makes her choice for happiness in life is the story which Mrs. Barr has written with her accustomed skill.

"Lucia is a charming little creature always."—*Observer.*

THE MYSTERY OF LUCIEN DELORME
Guy de Teramond

If you want to enjoy one of the most thrilling and fascinating mystery plots ever written, you should read this story of the Man with the Wonderful Eyes.

THE LITTLE MISSIONER**Nina Wilcox Putnam**

Into the life of a young and beautiful girl suddenly comes a new influence which develops into a charming love-story—full of life, action, wit and humour.

C.O.D.**Natalie S. Lincoln**

This is another mysterious detective story by the author of "The Man Inside." The discovery is as startling as it is unexpected.

THE GUNS OF EUROPE **J. A. Altsheler**

The adventures of a young American and a French aviator in the early days of the war; full of thrilling escapades and excitement. **3s. 6d.**

SELINA**George Madden Martin**

This new story is as original and as delightful as "Emmy Lou."

THE ALSTER CASE **Rufus Gillmore**

A mystery-story with an ending both sensational and unexpected.

FELIX TELLS IT**Lucy Pratt**

Felix is an American boy who thinks there is a need for a book on parents, and accordingly gives us his frank and amusing experiences of his family and friends.

THE FLAMING SWORD **George Gibbs**

A ruined society man drifting helplessly along is rescued by a beautiful girl; such is the introduction to a charming love-story which holds the reader's interest to the happy end.

BEATING BACK**Al Jennings**

The confessions of a former outlaw, who was caught and imprisoned, reformed, and is now a useful American citizen.

KENT KNOWLES **Joseph C. Lincoln**

A genuine love-story recounting the amusing experiences of some Americans in London and the English counties.

ACROSS EUROPE IN A MOTOR BOAT
H. C. Rowland

The adventures of the "Beaver" in a voyage of nearly seven thousand miles through Europe by the Seine, the Marne, the Aisne, the Rhine, and the Danube, to the Black Sea, where the boat was wrecked.

Fully Illustrated, 7/6 net**PLANT BREEDING****6/- net****John M. Coulter**

An account of the new possibilities now obtainable from the breeding of plants. A work which will appeal to practical farmers and teachers and students of agriculture as well as to all interested in the growing of plants and the revolution in plant culture.

WITHIN PRISON WALLS**Thomas M. Osborne**

A faithful account of the experiences of an observer who caused his own imprisonment in order to study the conditions from within. **6/-**

RURAL CREDITS**7/6 net****Myron T. Herrick**

A comprehensive work by the American Ambassador in France on credit conditions among farmers and landowners. An exhaustive study with detailed plans for improving conditions in the land.

RAILROAD ACCOUNTING**W. E. Hooper**

The forms and methods of accounting, and the organisation and practice of railways, are described in detail. **7/6 net**

THE BUSINESS OF ADVERTISING**E. E. Calkins**

A helpful book to all interested in advertising—the manufacturer, the salesman, and the advertising agent and expert. **7/6 net**

D. APPLETON & COMPANY, 25 Bedford Street, LONDON

A REMARKABLE PAMPHLET for Thinking People of all Denominations.

✠ The POPE and the Great War The Silence of BENEDICT XVTH

CAN IT BE DEFENDED?

By FRANCIS TYRRELL.

"One of the most noteworthy facts in the history of the present crisis, is the steady hostility of the Vatican to the Powers of the Entente."—Dr. DILLON, Rome Correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph."

ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSELLERS or post free from the Publishers,
THE HAMPTON PRESS, 35 Lamb's Conduit Street, Holborn, London, W.C.

20th Thousand.

6d. net.

THE LITERARY EVENING PAPER

Special Reviews of all the Best and Latest Books. "Gossip about Books," every Thursday; "Books worth Reading," every Saturday; "Magazine Reviews," 1st week in every month.

The Globe

Founded 1803

IF YOU LIVE IN THE
COUNTRY AND IF YOU
WANT THE

Very Latest War News

ON SUNDAY MORNING
send a Post Office Order for

4/4

to the Publisher of the "Evening Standard," 104 Shoe Lane, London, and for six months you will receive at your breakfast table on Sunday morning the SATURDAY SPECIAL EDITION of the

Evening Standard

The best informed, best edited, and most widely read of any of the penny evening newspapers.

R. ANDERSON & CO.,

BRITISH, INDIAN, AND COLONIAL ADVERTISING
CONTRACTORS.

14 KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND, W.C.

GIVE THE BEST TERMS for Company and General Advertising. Advice, Estimates, and all information free of charge. Replies received.

EXECUTORS, TRUSTEES, SOLICITORS, AND OWNERS WHO MAY BE DESIROUS OF SELLING WORKS OF ART, FAMILY JEWELS, OLD SILVER, FURNITURE, PICTURES, PRINTS, MINIATURES, CHINA, COINS, BOOKS, OLD LACE, FURS, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, GUNS, AND OTHER VALUABLES, ARE INFORMED THAT MESSRS.

KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY'S
SALE ROOMS, 20 HANOVER SQUARE, W.,

are Open Daily to receive goods intended for disposal.

Auctions of Estates and Town Properties and Sales on Owners' premises in all parts of the Kingdom are held as required. Valuations for Estate and Legacy Duties.

CONSTABLE'S LIST

A BEACON FOR THE BLIND.

The Life of HENRY FAWCETT, the Blind Postmaster-General. By WINIFRED HOLT. With a Foreword by the Right Honourable the Viscount Bryce. 7s. 6d. net.
"The whole wonderful story of this life Miss Holt tells with proper warmth of enthusiasm which is spoiled by no trace of sentimentality. She tells it carefully and intimately, so that the reader is able to love the man as well as admire the hero."—Observer.

PEACE AND WAR IN EUROPE.

By GILBERT SLATER, M.A., Author of "The Making of Modern England." 2s. 6d. net.

THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM.

By PAUL VINOGRADOFF, F.B.A., Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Oxford. Paper, 1s. net; Cloth, 2s. net.

PAN-GERMANISM.

By ROLAND G. USHER. New Popular Edition. 1s. net.

THE AUDACIOUS WAR:

Its Commercial Causes and Financial Aspects. A Business Man's View. By C. W. BARRON. 4s. 6d. net.
"The book as a whole is the most interesting written round the war we have yet read, and we warmly commend it to the attention of our readers."—Outlook.

MEN, WOMEN, AND WAR.

By WILL IRWIN. 3s. 6d. net.
"Men, Women, and War" is a book everyone should read."—New Statesman.

THE FRENCH OFFICIAL REVIEW OF THE FIRST SIX MONTHS OF THE WAR

as issued by REUTERS AGENCY. 1s. net.

PROBLEMS OF POWER.

By W. MORTON FULLERTON. New and Revised Edition (the third). 7s. 6d. net.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE EUROPEAN NATIONS, 1870-1900.

By J. HOLLAND ROSE. Fourth Edition, with a new Preface. 7s. 6d. net.

THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY.

By WICKHAM STEED. Third Edition, with a new Preface. 7s. 6d. net.

TWENTY YEARS OF MY LIFE.

By DOUGLAS SLADEN. Illustrated by MARKINO. 10s. 6d. net.
"A hearty companionable volume, this, the very book of books to cheer the reader in a season of solitude and depression."—Daily Telegraph.

THE ROMANCE OF A FAVOURITE:

THE LIFE OF COMTESSE DE CASTIGLIONE. By FREDERIC LOLIEE. Translated from the French by W. MORTON FULLERTON. Popular Edition. Illustrated with Portraits. 3s. 6d. net.

A New Volume by Sir Owen Seaman, Editor of Punch.

WAR TIME.

Verses by OWEN SEAMAN. 1s. net.

CLEAR WATERS.

Trouting Days and Trouting Ways in Wales, the West Country, and the Scottish Borderland. By A. G. BRADLEY, Author of "Other Days," "The Gateway of Scotland." Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.

"We have found no literary antidote for the mental weariness and strain of to-day more efficacious than this fine and cheerful book about the gracious and kindly country-side of some of the loveliest districts of Britain."—Outlook.

THE GARDENER AND THE COOK.

A Practical Treatise on Fruit and Vegetable Growing for the Table. By LUCY H. YATES. Illustrated. 1s. net.

"An ideal present for the mistress of a small country house."—Westminster Gazette.

THE RECORD OF NICHOLAS

FREYDON. An Autobiography. 6s.

"A finely written record of what are obviously personal experiences. . . . The childhood of Nicholas in England has quite a charm of its own; while his boyhood in Australia is related with a knowledge of Australian life which is quite equal to the best of Australian novelists."—Pall Mall Gazette.

MOTHERS AND CHILDREN.

By DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER. Author of "A Montessori Mother." 4s. 6d. net.

New 6s. Novels.

ANGELA'S BUSINESS.

A COMEDY OF CONTEMPORARY SPINSTERS. By HENRY SYDNOR HARRISON, Author of "Queed," "V.V.'s Eyes," &c.

"The most amusing novel that has yet been written round Feminism."—Daily News.

IN A DESERT LAND.

By VALENTINA HAWTREY. Author of "Heritage."

THE DEVIL IN A NUNNERY.

By F. O. MANN. 4s. 6d. net.

JAUNTY IN CHARGE.

By Mrs. GEORGE WEMYSS, Author of "The Professional Aunt."

CONSTABLE & CO. LTD. LONDON

MR. JOHN LANE'S LIST.

SVEN
HEDIN

WITH THE GERMAN ARMIES
IN THE WEST

SVEN
HEDIN

BY
DR. SVEN HEDIN.

Translated from the Swedish by H. G. de WALTERSTORFF.

400 pages with over 100 Illustrations from Photographs and Sketches taken on the spot by the Author.
Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"Mr. John Lane need not have apologised for publishing this book. It is a book which Englishmen will do well to read for several reasons. . . . It is good for us to learn all we can about the Germans. . . . We hope he will write another book, and that Mr. Lane will not be too timid to publish it."—*Spectator*.

E. V.
LUCAS

IN GENTLEST GERMANY

By HUN SVEDEND.

Translated from the Svengalese by E. V. LUCAS.

Illustrated by GEORGE MORROW.

Illustrated paper wrapper, 1s. net.

GEORGE
MORROW

"The book is both amusing and fair-tempered. Mr. Lucas succeeds admirably. . . ."—*Evening Standard*.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF EGYPT

By BARON DE KUSEL (BEY).

Sometime English Controller-General of Egyptian Customs.

With 32 Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

[Ready 27th May.

THE LATEST SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.

THE JEALOUS GODDESS

By MADGE MEARS.

A brilliant novel by a new author, dealing with the domestic troubles of a young writer and his artistic wife, caused by their resolve that their "Work" must come before everything—in spite of their slender means and the arrival of a baby.

THE AUCTION MART

By SYDNEY TREMAYNE.

"Mr. Sydney Tremayne is a newcomer among English novelists, but it is a sure and certain thing that he has come to stay. He has wit, humour and the knack of telling a story. He should go far."—*Sunday Times*.

LOVE-BIRDS IN THE COCO-NUTS

By PETER BLUNDELL, Author of "The Finger of Mr. Blee," etc.

"It is pleasant indeed . . . to be able to take up a book that shall compel relaxation of a thoroughly healthy kind. . . . To all who seek fresh and hearty amusement Mr. Peter Blundell's new story may be confidently commended."—*Daily Telegraph*.

Mrs. BARNET—ROBES

By Mrs. C. S. PEEL, Author of "The Hat Shop."

"With insight and tenderness and courage Mrs. Peel has written one of the most charming, and at the same time most living of stories."—*Outlook*.

THE GOOD SOLDIER

By FORD MADDOX HUEFFER.

"There is the excellent writing, the play of imagination, the delicate attention to character that hold the mind in all his best work."—*Daily Telegraph*.

MERRY ANDREW

By KEBLE HOWARD.

[Ready Immediately.

JAFFERY

By WILLIAM J. LOCKE.

[Ready in June

MISCELLANEOUS NEW BOOKS.

RUSSIAN REALITIES By JOHN H. HUB.

BACK. With 16 Illustrations and a Map. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

"We feel sure that no lover of Russia or her people will regret reading this most readable little book."—*Outlook*.

VENTURES IN THOUGHT By FRANCIS

COUTTS. A Volume of Essays. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

"He is vigorous and plain spoken. It is a pleasant experience to meet with convictions firmly held and sharply put."—*Westminster Gazette*.

POEMS OF EMILE VERHAEREN

Translated by ALMA STRETTELL, with a Biographical Introduction by the Translator and a Portrait of the Author, specially drawn for this edition by JOHN SARGENT, R.A. Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

THE STORY OF NAPOLEON'S

DEATH MASK By G. L. de St. M. WATSON.

Illustrated, Demy 8vo. 6s. net.

MY SHRUBS By Eden Phillpotts. With 50

Illustrations from Photographs. Demy 4to. 10s. net.

"Much sound advice is included, there are fifty full-page illustrations of notable specimens, and it is withal a deeply interesting work, forming a welcome addition to the literature of the garden."—*Outlook*.

KITCHENER CHAPS By A. NEIL LYONS.

Cloth, Cr. 8vo. 1s. net.

"Mr. Lyons' humour is proved and popular, and, having here a subject of universal appeal in which to let it play, he is sure of a larger public than ever."—*Observer*.

Modern Masters of Music.

GRANVILLE BANTOCK By H. O.

ANDERTON. Cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Anderton expresses very clearly the strange contrast between his practical and busy life, and the more remote, mystically sensuous quality that has ensured his music of survival as well as success."—*T.P.'s Weekly*.

PANAMA AND OTHER POEMS

By STEPHEN PHILLIPS. With a Frontispiece by JOSEPH PENNELL. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD, VIGO ST., W.